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THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
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THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

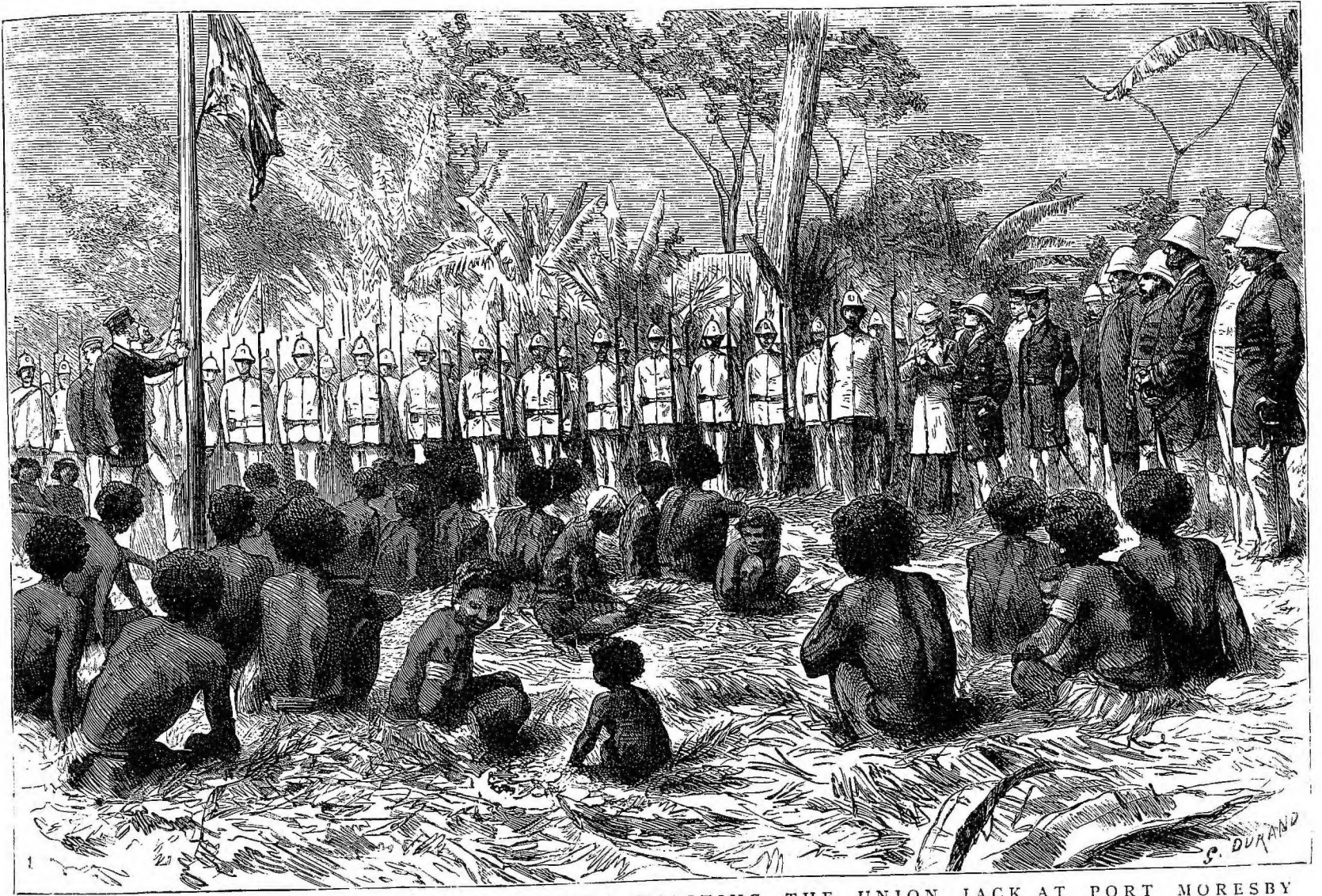
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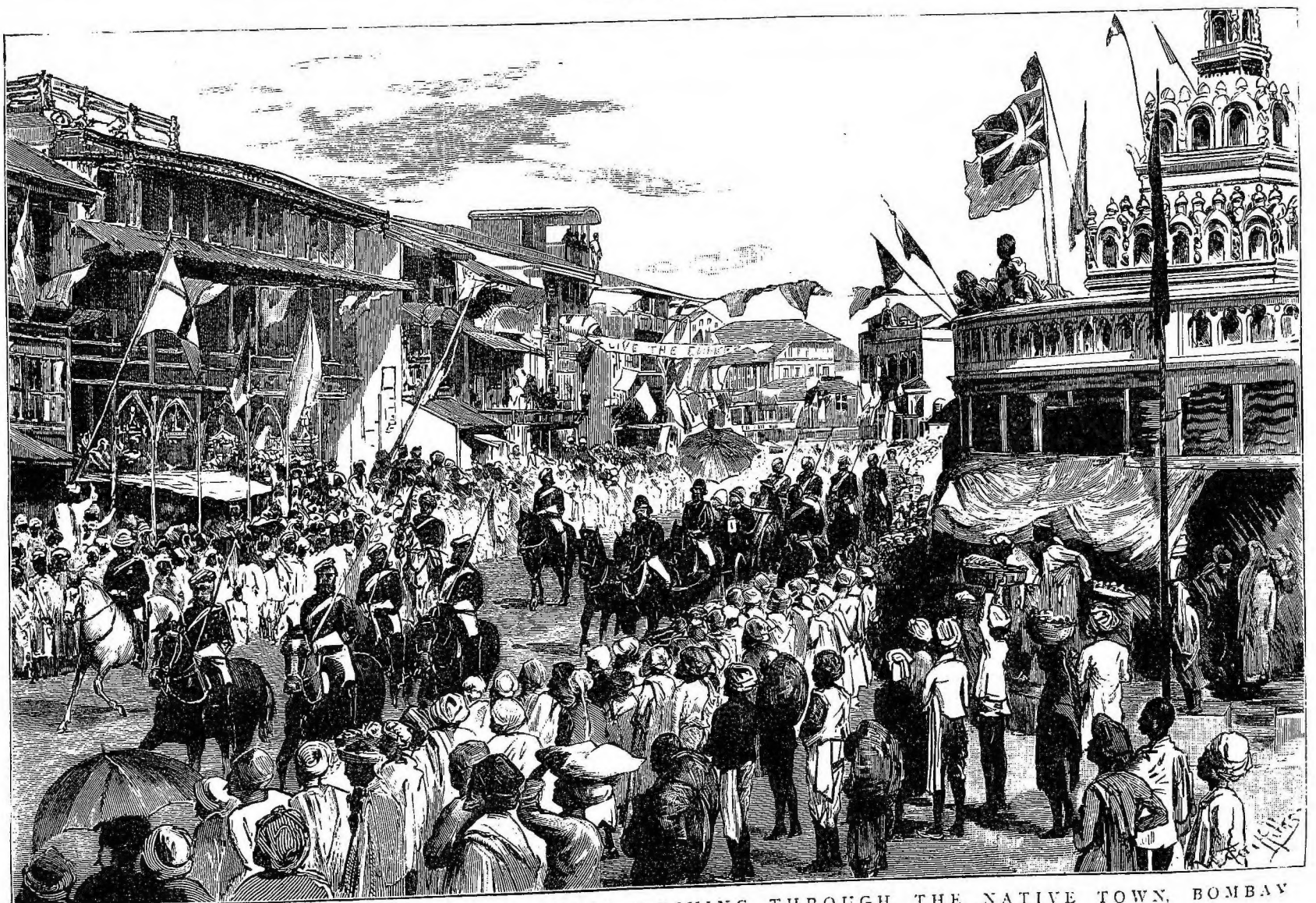
SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1885

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

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BRITISH ANNEXATIONS IN NEW GUINEA.—HOISTING THE UNION JACK AT PORT MORESBY
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH



DEPARTURE OF LORD RIPON FROM INDIA—DRIVING THROUGH THE NATIVE TOWN, BOMBAY

Topics of the Week

THE FIGHT AT ABU KLEA WELLS.—When the news arrived on Wednesday evening, well-informed persons in London seem to have been surprised that a sharp battle should have taken place so soon. Yet it could scarcely have been expected that a chief who is credibly reported to be in command of a hundred thousand fighting men would allow the short cut across the desert between Korti and Shendy to be made by our soldiers with impunity. At all events, whatever the anticipations of military authorities at home might be, a conflict has taken place, and of a decidedly severe character. It is satisfactory to learn that some fourteen hundred of our men, although wearied by the fatigues of the previous desert march, repulsed an enemy seven times as numerous. But it is less satisfactory to be convinced, as we now are by the stern logic of facts, that this enemy is of a very different calibre to the Egyptians who ran at Tel el-Kebir, and that the Arabs who fought at Abu Klea are own brothers to those whom General Graham encountered last year on the shores of the Red Sea. There is the same fanatical disregard of life as at Teb and Tamanieb; and the same tactics of striving to break through our formation have been displayed. The victory—if it be a victory—for it is ominous that the telegrams of some newspaper correspondents, giving details, have been withheld—has been dearly purchased. The death-roll is indeed a grievous one, and the solid advantages to be gained must be very substantial to reconcile us to the loss of even one such valuable life as that of Colonel Fred Burnaby, the hero of the "Ride to Khiva." And, knowing that all this expenditure of blood and treasure might have been saved, if General Graham had last year been allowed to follow up his successes, who will venture to say that all which the skill and gallantry of Lord Wolseley and his comrades can accomplish may not be rendered vain by the policy of a half-hearted, vacillating Ministry in Downing Street?

INTERNATIONAL CONTROL IN EGYPT.—France has at least done one good service to the British Government by her latest proposals for the reorganisation of Egyptian finance. She has given them an opportunity of seeing what is the real drift of English opinion as to the Egyptian question. Hardly anybody in this country has had a word to say in favour of the French scheme; and by the vast majority of newspapers its main provisions have been emphatically condemned. The reasons are plain enough. An international guarantee and inquiry would lead inevitably to international control; and international control would mean that Egypt was to be governed in the interests of the bondholders, while on England would be imposed the odious task of maintaining order for the working of a system for which she would be only in part responsible. No English Government could assent to such a plan as that. That it would end in disaster is almost certain, for it has been proved that England and France cannot work harmoniously together in Egypt, and their difficulties would be enormously increased if, while they were intriguing against one another, intrigues were being carried on by the representatives of all the other great Powers. If the only alternatives were international control and our instant withdrawal from Egypt, there can be no sort of doubt that the latter would be the preferable course. But we cannot at once withdraw from Egypt. For the sake of the Egyptian people, as well as for her own sake, England is bound to complete the task which she voluntarily undertook, and in accomplishing which she has already sacrificed much blood and treasure. Most Englishmen saw long ago that, whether Mr. Gladstone liked the fact or not, the bombardment of the Alexandrian forts and the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir had rendered it necessary for us to assume very large responsibilities; and, if this had been officially recognised at the proper time, there is no reason to doubt that Egypt would now have been prosperous and contented. There may be some danger in doing to-day what we ought to have done when all Europe, with the exception of France, was willing to sanction the establishment of an English Protectorate; but a feeble and hesitating policy would be even more perilous. If England definitely states that international control is inadmissible, the probability is that serious objections will be advanced by France alone, and that even France will confine herself to verbal protests; for every Frenchman knows that the object of our rule would be to protect not only our own interests in the Delta, but those of every other country.

THE UNEMPLOYED.—There was but a small gathering at the so-called "mass meeting" last Saturday in front of the Royal Exchange, and many of those who came were attracted by mere curiosity. This apparent apathy, however, on the part of the unemployed should not lead us to believe that there is no more distress in London at the present time than is usual during the winter months. Those who come really into contact with the poor—clergymen, doctors, city missionaries, owners of factories, and dock officials—will not assent to this sanguine view. They are well aware that, owing to the slackness of trade, there are numbers of industrious capable men who have the greatest difficulty in finding employment. The reason why such persons as these did not go

in any numbers to the Royal Exchange gathering is that, being gifted for the most part with ordinary good sense, they want immediate work and wages, and not the promise of a future social millennium. Mr. Henry George's land schemes may be admirable; but, even if they were universally approved, they would take a long time to carry out, and hungry bellies cannot afford to wait. But is it not a marvel that in these days of easy communication there should be multitudes of able-bodied persons vainly seeking work, while in an outlying district of the country (for it is practically all one country) the newspapers are full of complaints of the scarcity of labour? The harvest (for it is full summer just now in that part of the country) was got in with difficulty on account of the want of hands; while, as for domestic servants, they are snapped up as soon as they land, a dozen mistresses competing for every girl. We allude, of course, to our Antipodal possessions. A nation which can afford to sink millions in the sands of the Soudan might surely spend a substantial sum in the reduction of passenger-fares to Australasia for *bonâ fide* emigrants. At present a steerage passage-ticket to Australasia costs about 13*l*. If the Home Government were to supply 10*l*. of this, and give the Agents-General of the several colonies the right of vetoing persons whom they deemed ineligible, a valuable class of colonists would be obtained, and the 10*l*. would speedily be repaid to the Mother Country by the increased trade which the emigration would produce. Every industrious emigrant soon becomes a valuable customer to the merchants and manufacturers at home.

DRAFTING OF BILLS.—Mr. Yates's case has again illustrated the fact that Acts of Parliament are very carelessly drafted. The Law Officers of the Crown, with their highly-paid staff of assistants, seem to have something better to do than to put our laws into intelligible words—though what their business exactly is, not one out of a thousand tax-payers could probably tell. It will have to be considered soon whether, for the large salaries that are paid to the Attorney-General and to the Solicitor-General, Government cannot secure the exclusive services of its Law Officers. An Attorney-General cannot do justice to his private practice and to his official duties at the same time. He ought to be the standing Counsel of the Government in legal affairs, and this function would naturally involve his revising all Acts of Parliament before they passed into law. But during term time he has cases every day and all day in the Law Courts, and during the Session he has his Parliamentary duties—that is, he must attend in the House of Commons to answer questions, and to do party service by occasional speeches on purely political measures. No man's mind can grapple fairly with such a quantity of work. It is always urged that the salaries of the Law Officers, high as they are, would not attract first-rate barristers unless they were allowed to retain their private practice. But what is the use of engaging a first-rate barrister unless he does first-rate work? A lawyer who would be modestly thankful for his 7,000*l*. a year (not such a very small sum either), and bestow his undivided attention to public business, would suit the country better even if he were not "first-rate." The Lord Chancellor's Office also wants looking into. This magnificent personage discharges functions which, in all other countries, are performed by three different men: he is President of the Upper House, Minister of Justice in the Cabinet, and Chief Judge in the Court of Chancery. For all this the tax-payer gives him 10,000*l*.; but what can he return to the tax-payer?

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.—Sir Stafford Northcote's speech at Bideford has been very unfavourably criticised, but even those who usually support him are not likely to be of opinion that it has been too severely condemned. It was good-natured, of course, for Sir Stafford Northcote is always good-natured. But it contained not one suggestion that could be of the slightest service to any class of politicians. It is surprising that at such a time as this Sir Stafford Northcote should have nothing to say that is worth hearing. The Liberal Government, with all its good intentions, has committed blunder after blunder, and now we are beginning to see the consequences of its incapacity. Some of the most important of our Colonies have been offended; we are confronted by almost insuperable difficulties in Egypt; both France and Germany are displaying towards us a spirit of bitter hostility; and Russia, to say the least, is not very friendly. Never had an Opposition a more brilliant opportunity of commending itself to the country by the exposition of a firm and wise policy. Yet the use Sir Stafford Northcote makes of the occasion is to utter a series of harmless platitudes. The only conclusion to be drawn is that the leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons either has no opinions as to the duty of England in her present perplexities, or shrinks from the responsibility of telling her what he thinks her duty is. In either case he shows that the country would not gain much by the transfer of power from the Liberals to the Tories. About domestic policy Sir Stafford Northcote is not less vague than about foreign policy. He warns the new electors that a great trust has been committed to them, and that they must be careful to prove themselves worthy of it; and all the world agrees that his counsels are just. But then we have heard something very like them before, and they do not throw much light on the questions which Parliament will soon be called upon to settle.

GERMANY, ENGLAND, AND FIJI.—About thirty years ago, after the disasters of the "Crimean Winter," there went forth an indignant cry for Administrative Reform. And there can be no doubt that this cry produced good results. Since then we have waged several "small" wars, as they are called. In no case has there been witnessed the grievous mismanagement and disorganisation of Balacava; on the contrary, the various departments concerned in equipping and provisioning the respective expeditions have passed through the ordeal with credit. But we still appear to be, especially as regards the Foreign and Colonial Offices, in urgent need of Administrative Reform. The fault may rest with the permanent heads of departments, or with their chiefs who sit in the Cabinet, or perhaps they all deserve blame. At any rate, the stern fact remains that, especially since the present Government came into power, we have acted in a most awkward and clumsy manner in our dealings both with foreign countries and with British Colonies. Not a word shall be said now about Egypt or South Africa; the muddle in those regions is on too magnificent a scale to be touched upon here. Minor examples will suffice. Ministers have shown a nervous anxiety to maintain the so-called Anglo-French Alliance, which has had no genuine existence since Sedan. Yet both as regards Madagascar and China we have managed to annoy and alienate the French, while at the same time we have yielded to their ambitious pretensions far more than we should have done. As regards Australasia, it suffices to speak the words New Guinea, and to recall a recent political cartoon which represents Lord Derby vainly pursuing a runaway kangaroo. But it is with Germany that our dealings have been the most unfortunate of all. Germany ought to be, not a mere formal ally, but a friend. Yet these wretched maladministrators of ours have managed to cause a sore feeling between the two countries. The story of the German claims in Fiji is much the same as that of Angra Pequena. At first Lord Granville treated these claims with contempt and indifference, but when the great Chancellor began to speak sternly our Foreign Minister surrendered submissively. The claims in themselves might or might not be reasonable, but surely this was not the way to go to work. The moral appears to be, Ask the Gladstone Government civilly for something you want, and they will flatly refuse it; propose to kick them, and they will give it you at once.

THE ETON LOWER SCHOOL.—Old things abolished are always being re-invented. During the fifteen years when Dr. Hornby was Head Master of Eton, boys were not generally sent to the School until they had got into their teens. Dr. Hornby objected to small boys, and as a consequence the Lower School became extinct; as another consequence boys talked of themselves as having been educated at Eton when they had only spent three or four years there. In old time seven years was the average period of an Eton career, and some boys remained over ten years at the school. Dr. Warre has now come sensibly to the conclusion that if Eton influences are worth anything, a boy cannot be subjected to them too early. In restoring the Lower School, however, care will no doubt be taken to place the youngsters under somewhat closer supervision than is necessary in the case of boys of thirteen and upwards. Throughout Dr. Goodford's reign the Rev. John Hawtrey's house offered an admirable training place for Lower Schoolboys, being managed rather like a large private school than as an ordinary boarding-house. Dr. Hornby allowed Mr. Hawtrey to go, and Dr. Warre will have to find another master as intelligent to re-establish his model house. So things go in a whirligig. Of late years there have been more Upper boys than Lower at Eton, so that the fagging system has got disorganised, yet that system, in its benign Eton form, was a most precious thing which cannot be too soon restored. When a very rich man's son goes late to the School, after being crammed by tutors at home, he may get placed in the Remove, and so have only a year's fagging, whereas if he is sent to the School at nine or ten, and only reaches the Fifth Form at fifteen, he will be a fag for five years, and thus go through a regular course of discipline which will be of benefit to him all his life.

NATURAL RIGHTS.—Some time ago it seemed very improbable that talk about natural rights would ever be revived in England. It seems, however, that we again have among us a school of politicians who know not Bentham. Mr. Henry George declaims about natural rights as if they were self-evident, and as if it were an act of impiety to deny or doubt their existence. Mr. Chamberlain follows suit, and it may be expected that he in his turn will be imitated by scores of Radical orators. Yet if any one who asserts that he has a natural right to a share of the soil of his native country were asked to say what he means, he would find it hard to give an intelligible answer. In the last resort he could only say that he feels he has such a right. It seems to be overlooked by persons who talk in this way that slave-owners think they have a natural right to the possession of their slaves, and that there has hardly ever been a great public wrong the perpetrators of which have not attempted to justify it by a reference to what they conceive to be their natural rights. Mr. George does not, of course, base his claims only on metaphysical principles. He endeavours to show that all classes, landlords excepted, would benefit largely by the nationalisation of the land. If the advantages he describes with so much glowing rhetoric would really be

secured, he weakens his case by appealing to doctrines which have been rejected by every serious thinker. If, on the other hand, he is mistaken as to the necessary consequences of the scheme he advocates, he will not make it more attractive to educated Englishmen by using the phrases of a fantastic and exploded system of philosophy. Mr. Chamberlain has even less excuse than the American agitator for advancing the kind of considerations which he now appears to favour. Even in his speech at Ipswich, extravagant as some parts of it were, he did not offer any proposal which is incapable of being advocated on grounds of expediency. If Mr. Chamberlain can argue that the changes he suggests are expedient, why should he prefer the language of demagogues to that of reasonable statesmen? His enemies would say, no doubt, that he prefers the language of demagogues because he is a demagogue, but the pretext for that accusation is found rather in his way of expressing his ideas than in his ideas themselves.

LENTIL SOUP.—Professor F. W. Newman speaks out boldly and effectively on behalf of vegetarianism, and certainly his vigorous old age is an argument in favour of that species of diet. It is quite unnecessary to tilt against vegetarianism, for it is the most harmless of "fads;" there is no likelihood of its general adoption in the colder countries of the world; and there will doubtless be kidneys and chops, steaks and butchers, as long as the world lasts. But we shall be very glad if, as we observed last week, the professors of vegetarianism should teach the world in general to diminish its percentage of flesh-food. At present the well-to-do classes eat more flesh-food than is good for their health, while the poor do not get enough. It is a painful fact that, with all our talk of progress, there are thousands of persons, especially children, who are systematically underfed. This is due, not so much to absolute poverty (for a Hindoo would wax fat on what an Englishman would call starvation wages) as to the want of knowledge of the many kinds of food in existence which are suited to a poor man's pocket. There is the typical labouring man's family which has a tolerably appetising dinner on Sunday, followed, towards the end of the week, by several "banyan" days of bread and tea. These are the kind of people who ought to be introduced to the advantages of lentil soup. Care, however, should be taken that the first sample offered to their notice should be discreetly prepared. The palates of the poor are more intolerant than those of the rich. They can't "bear" anything with a queer taste, and it must be admitted that these much-bepraised lentils do sometimes have a strong flavour of their own. Long soaking is therefore advisable. One correspondent says "two hours;" another, "all night." This shows that cooks, like doctors, differ.

POLICE INDISCRETIONS.—French detectives carry about them as a secret badge of office a card with an eye engraved upon it. The symbol is inadequate, for a detective requires ears as well as eyes, but he has not much need of a tongue unless it be as an instrument for disguising his thoughts. Some of our London police would be the better for being wholly dumb if, as it is alleged, they have been communicating to newspaper reporters their discoveries of dynamite and outrage-plotters. In the reporters' trade, as in all others, there is keen competition, and doubtless some of those gentlemen, who are always on the *qui vive* for items that will make up a "par," pay policemen very well for early news of a sensational event. Policemen have thus come to learn that news is a marketable commodity. Editors cannot be blamed for inserting whatever genuine information is brought them; nor can reporters be condemned for catching at all rumours, since it is their business to do so. But the policeman who, having discovered dynamite or overheard conspirators chatting, goes and publishes what has come to his knowledge, is clearly unfit for his work. He is a survival of the old watchman, whose duty was associated with that of town crier.

MR. GOSCHEN.—Mr. Goschen is to be invited to become a candidate for one of the four divisions of Edinburgh, and it is announced that he will stand as "an Independent Liberal." If he should be elected, Edinburgh will have good reason to congratulate herself on having him as one of her representatives. It is to be regretted that Mr. Goschen did not see his way to support the Bill for the Extension of the Franchise; but happily that question is now out of the way, so that he may soon be in a position to take his proper place in the Liberal ranks. Mr. Goschen has several qualities which would make him an excellent leader at the present stage of our political history. For one thing, he has the merit of always knowing his own mind; which is more than can be said of the statesmen who have been guiding the country during the last five years. He has also a strong belief in the necessity of maintaining the integrity of the Empire; and we may be sure that, if he were in office, he would do his best to keep the colonies in good humour, and to protect our rights and interests in Egypt. With regard to domestic politics, he is probably the highest living authority on all questions connected with local government; and it is of great importance that the country should have the full benefit of his services when the subject begins to be seriously considered in Parliament. About the limits of State interference he is likely to differ widely from Mr. Chamberlain and the extreme Radicals. But the same thing might be said of many another Liberal statesman. There ought to be room in the Liberal party for

considerable difference of opinion about a problem which is one of the most difficult, as well as one of the most important, in the art or science of politics. When increasing demands are made for the extension of the functions of the Government, it will be well for ardent Reformers to have to listen occasionally to philosophic speeches on the advantages of individual liberty.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—The traffic during Christmas week was, as usual, pretty heavy, but not a single railway mishap of any importance was reported, nor had anything serious happened for some time before. But presently after this the spell which produced safety seemed to be broken, and a series of disasters have occurred one after another. This is curious, but it is probably due to what is commonly called chance. A Blue Book about railway accidents is not cheerful reading, yet it is as well to know the worst about these matters, and it may reassure those nervous persons who never enter a train without a sense of misgiving that they are at least as safe there as they are in the streets. If we deduct the accidents which are caused by individual rashness, such as trying to enter upon or alight from a moving train, the residue forms but a very tiny percentage in comparison with the vast number of passengers carried. By this class of accidents (unavoidable as far as the passengers are concerned) fifty-three persons were killed and 640 were injured during the first nine months of 1884. The risk run by the railway *employés* is far greater; and the men engaged in plate-laying, coupling, and shunting operations are probably as much in peril of their lives as soldiers on active service. Their numbers are of course very few in comparison with the passengers carried by the trains, yet out of these few, during the same nine months, 374 were killed and 1,660 were injured. Can nothing be devised to lessen this disastrous roll of death and mutilation?

A LITERARY HOAX.—The credulous people who have been gloating over the posthumous "Memoirs" of Caroline Bauer may feel a little ashamed of themselves now that Professor Max Müller has exposed this book as a collection of falsehoods. Worse than the vulgarity of truckling to great people is the snobbishness of liking to see eminent names defaced. The late King Leopold of Belgium and Baron Stockmar have left great reputations as men of blameless morals and sound judgment. They were not genial men, but somewhat hard and cold in their exemplary conduct; it was therefore with an especial pleasure that writers of the *Jeames* and *'Arry* sort, who always catch with glee at tit-bits of scandal coming down to the servants' hall from upstairs—heard the Queen's uncle and the late Prince Consort's most intimate adviser accused of depravity and mean vices. "I knew it all along," has been coolly written by more than one of these "journalists" who is now shown to have known nothing. But the imposture played upon the world by Miss Bauer's book of low tattle raises the question as to whether existing laws are strict enough in regard to posthumous slanders. The idea that because a person is dead, any of his or her writings about other dead people may be published with impunity, is one that must be dispelled. Truth may be spoken of the dead—even such truth as would be libellous against the living—but the dead should be protected against deliberate untruths.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE ENGRAVING, entitled "THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND FAMILY IN THE HUNTING FIELD."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The Editor will endeavour, as far as lies in his power, to return to the senders, or to any address which they may indicate, all Sketches, whether used for purposes of illustration or not, and all rejected MSS. (for the transmission of these latter postage stamps must be enclosed); but at the same time he wishes it to be clearly understood that, although every possible care will be taken of such Sketches or MSS., he declines to accept any responsibility in the event of their being mislaid or lost.

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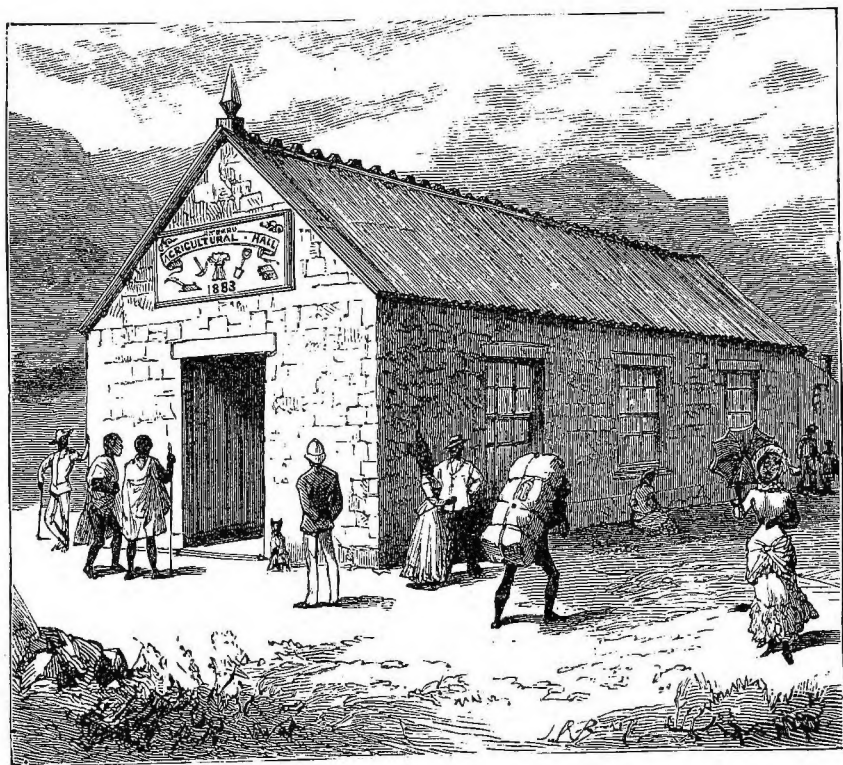
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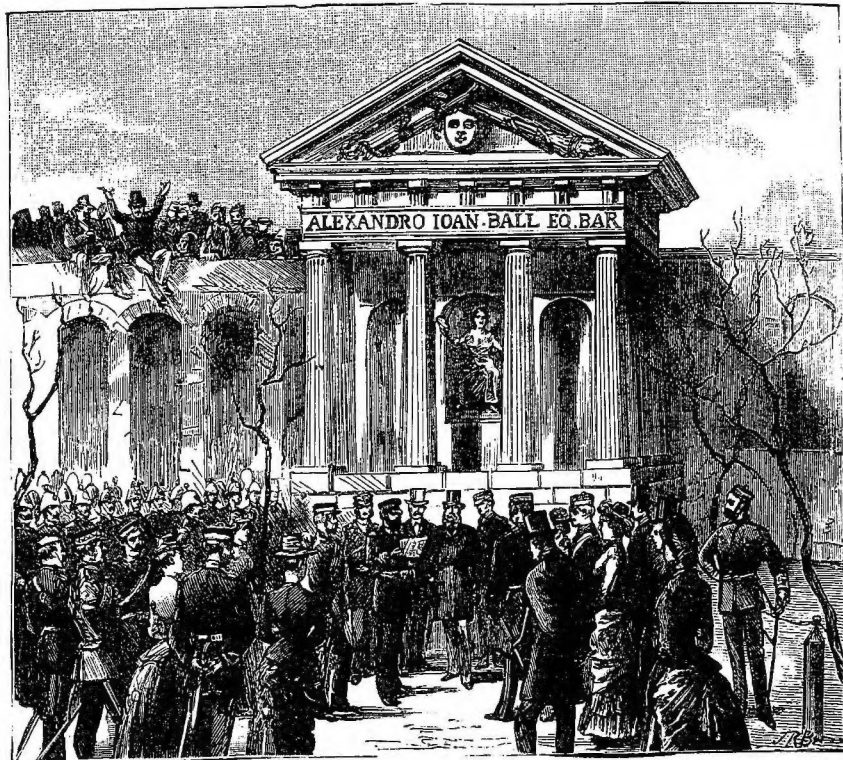
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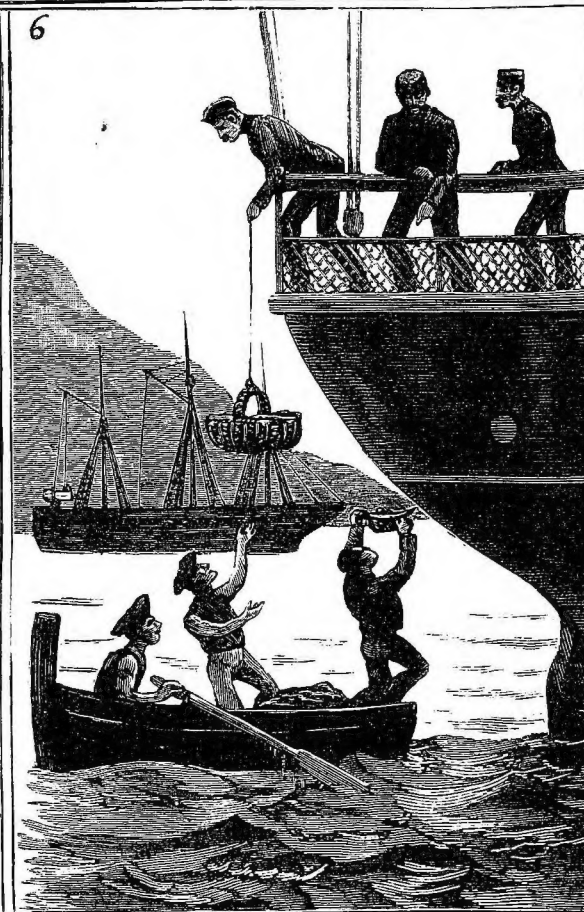
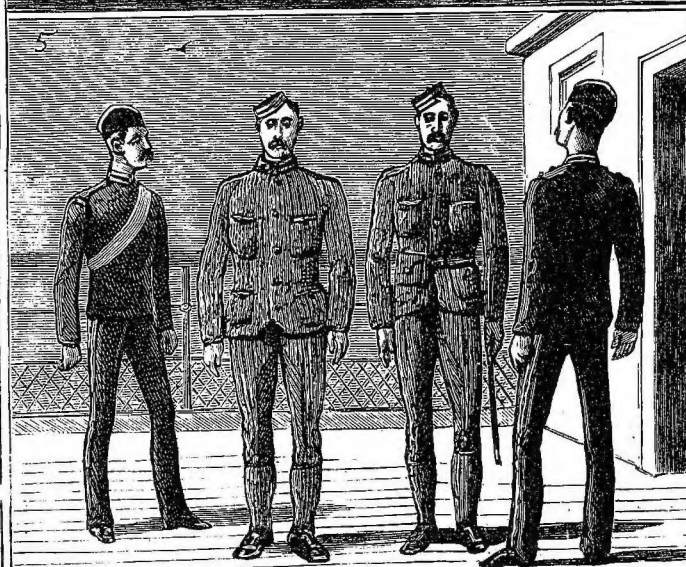
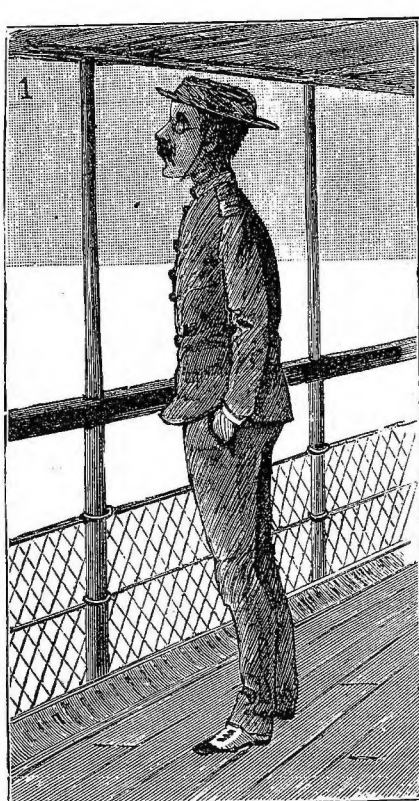
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NATIVE AGRICULTURAL HALL AT CALA, TEMBULAND, SOUTH AFRICA



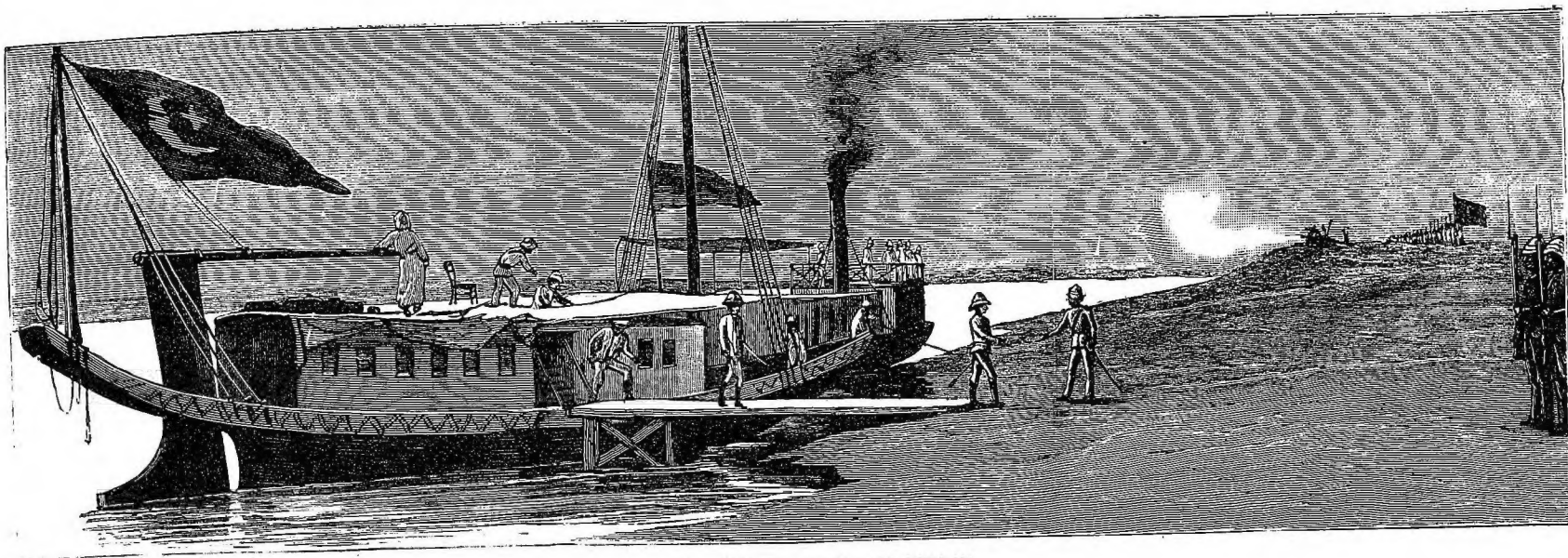
UNVEILING THE RESTORED MONUMENT OF SIR ALEXANDER JOHN BALL, FIRST GOVERNOR OF MALTA



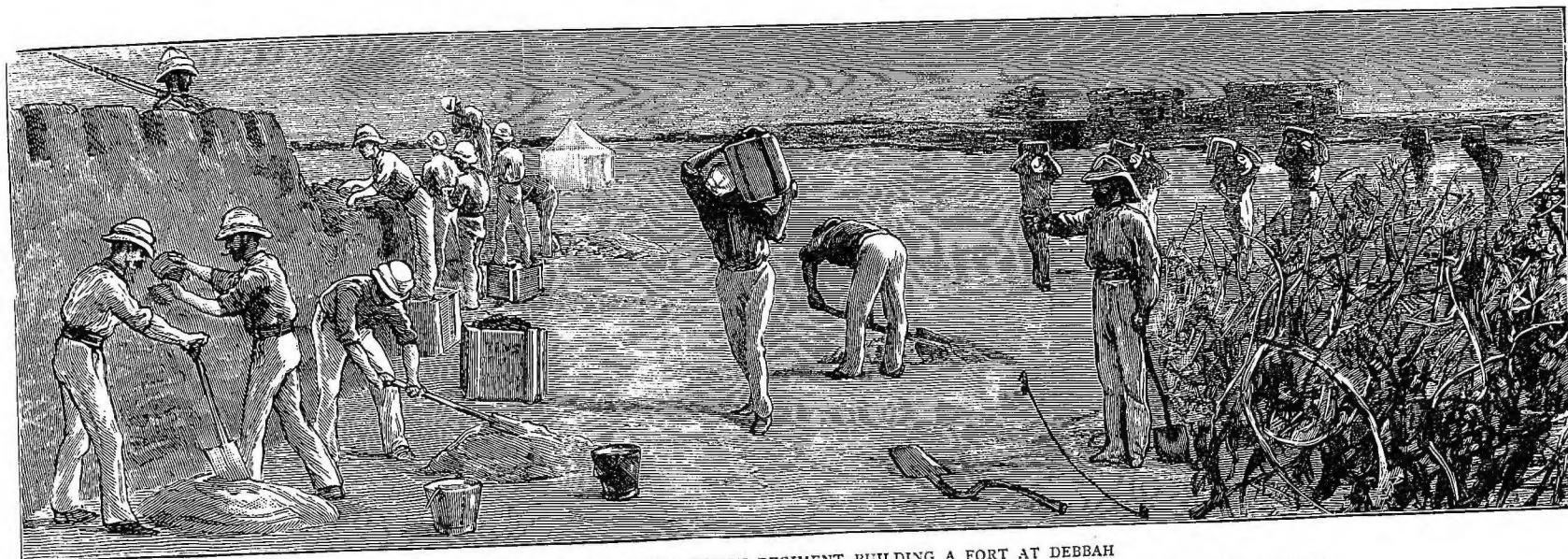
1. A Morning Blow.—2. The Glee Club Practising.—3. An Officer in the Corduroy Clothing.—4. Diving Boys at Madeira.—5. Inspection of Men in the New Corduroy Clothing.—6. Hauling Fruit on Board at Madeira.—7. Police Boat Chasing Fruit Boats.

WITH SIR CHARLES WARREN ON BOARD THE "GRANTULLY CASTLE"

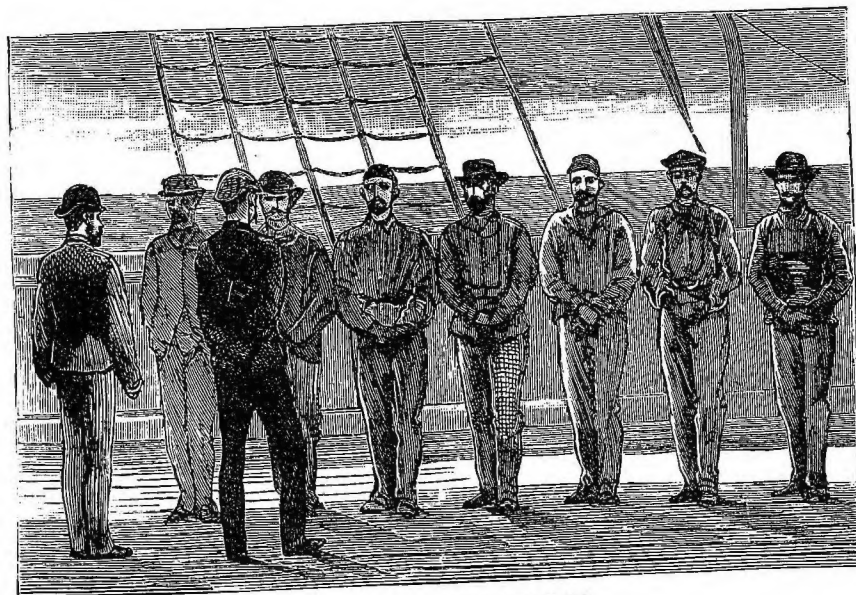
FROM SKETCHES BY AN OFFICER OF THE BECHUANALAND EXPEDITION



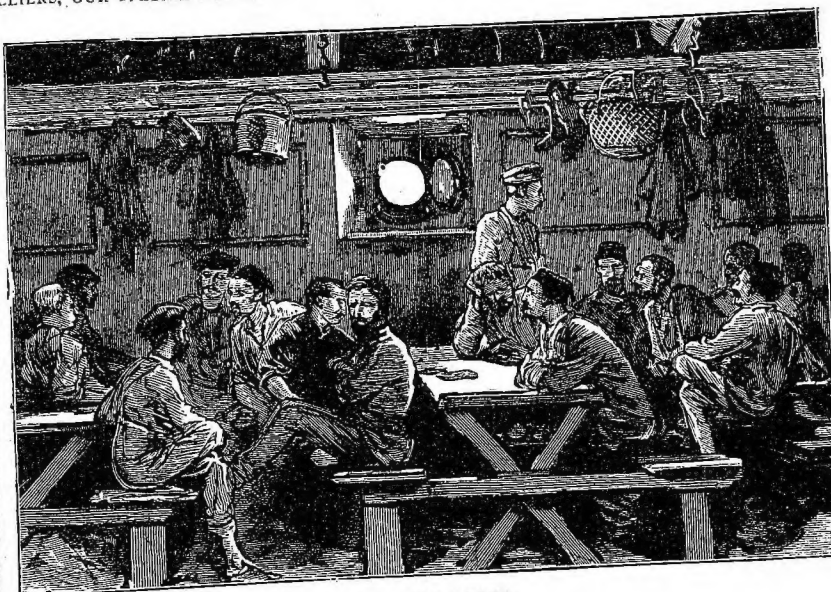
LORD WOLSELEY'S ARRIVAL AT DEBBAH



MEN OF THE ROYAL SUSSEX REGIMENT BUILDING A FORT AT DEBBAH
THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON
FROM SKETCHES BY MR. F. VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



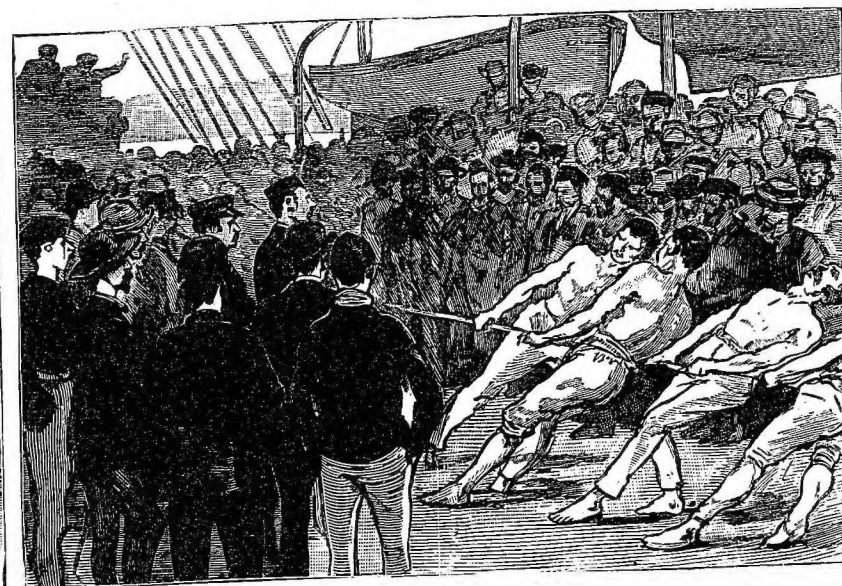
DRILL ON THE HURRICANE DECK



THE TROOP DECK



THE MORNING WASH



TUG OF WAR—ENGLAND 2, IRELAND

WITH METHUEN'S HORSE ON BOARD THE "SPARTAN"
FROM SKETCHES BY ONE OF THE VOLUNTEERS FOR THE BECHUANALAND EXPEDITION



THE ANNEXATIONS IN NEW GUINEA

ON November 6th the ceremony of proclaiming the British protectorate over a portion of New Guinea and the islands adjacent thereto was performed by Commodore Erskine at Port Moresby, the principal settlement on the mainland. Besides the Commodore's ship, the *Nelson*, there were assembled H.M.S. *Raven*, *Swinger*, *Espiegle*, and *Harrier*. On board the *Harrier* was Deputy-Commissioner Romilly, who had received from Lord Derby a despatch instructing him to notify to the natives that a protectorate had been established.

Native chiefs, to the number of fifty, from various places along the coast, had been invited to be present, and these, together with a number of other natives, assembled on board the *Nelson*, where they were feasted with a great tub of boiled rice, sweetened with brown sugar. Most of the chiefs were naked, though two or three wore old shirts, and one, Boevagi, the chief of the Port Moresby tribe, wore a handkerchief round his waist, a shirt, and a red felt hat. The foreheads of some of them were bound round with bands of small shells, and their hair ornamented with tufts of feathers.

After the feast was over Commodore Erskine explained the nature of the protectorate to the chiefs, and gave an admirable exposition of the respective rights and duties of the whites and natives towards each other. He then called Boevagi forward, shook hands with him, and introduced him to Mr. Romilly, who was to represent Her Majesty until the arrival of the High Commissioner, Major-General Scratchley. As an emblem of authority the Commodore presented Boevagi with an ebony stick, into the top of which a florin had been inserted with the Queen's head uppermost. Each chief was then presented with a tomahawk, a butcher's knife, a piece of coloured cloth, and some figs of tobacco.

The sailors then showed the natives some gun-practice. They were especially surprised at the bursting of a shell. After this the *Nelson* was illuminated with blue lights at the yardarm, the electric light was exhibited, rockets were sent up, and the steam fog-horn was sounded. This latter terrified the natives, till they learnt that it was only a human invention on board the "big war canoe."

At 6.30 next morning, before the heat of the day began, the officers and men from the squadron landed for the purpose of proclaiming the protectorate and hoisting the flag. There were ninety Blue-jackets and forty Marines from the *Nelson*, and similar contributions from the other ships of war. These, with their officers, were so arranged as to give due effect to the scene. Then the Commodore appeared before the troops and read the formal proclamation, which was interpreted to the natives by Mr. Lawes.

Then the Union Jack was slowly raised to the truck of the flag-staff, the troops presenting arms, and the *Nelson's* band playing "God Save the Queen." A salute of twenty-one guns was fired from the *Nelson*, and the ships of war were instantaneously dressed with flags from stem to stern. A volley of three rounds from the troops followed, interspersed with snatches of the National Anthem. This elaborate ceremonial was well calculated to impress the natives.

It is worth noting that this protectorate in no way opens New Guinea at present to the enterprise of planters, traders, or miners; for it has been distinctly proclaimed that no land purchases from the natives will be allowed, or any settlement.—Our engravings are from photographs by Mr. J. C. Edmonds, H.M.S. *Raven*.

LORD RIPON LEAVING BOMBAY

THE enthusiasm which Lord Ripon has roused amongst the native people of India during his tenure of office as Viceroy was clearly manifested by the tremendous ovation which he received at Bombay on the occasion of his leaving for England on Saturday, December 20. Such an extraordinary demonstration is said to be wholly without parallel, and the general idea that an Indian crowd is shy and reserved met for once with an emphatic contradiction. The streets forming the route from Government House to the Apollo Bunder landing-place were profusely and gorgeously decorated, the merchants of the Marwarie Bazaar hanging out shawls, gold chains, and watches to the amount of some three lacs of rupees. Characteristic inscriptions also adorned many of the flags, such as "The Guardian Angel of India," "Think of the millions who love thee when far away," "Tell the Empress we were happy under thy rule:"—

Live well, die never;
Die well, live ever.

The whole population of the town turned into the streets, which were crowded by thousands of men and children, who thronged the route long before the procession started. Indeed, Lord Ripon's farewell drive was one continued triumphal progress, shouts and volleys of tom-toms greeted him at every step, showers of flowers and wreaths poured down upon him from all sides, while near the Mombadeir Gate stood a deputation of Brahmans, who presented on silver trays offerings of various articles used in their religious ceremonies as "a sacred tribute from a sacred people," at the same time wishing him "peace, prosperity, contentment, harmlessness, and long life," and that his voyage might be prosperous. Further on were a bevy of hundreds of Parsee ladies who waved their farewells, while a choir sang a "Garbi," concluding as follows:—

You conquered our hearts, O Lord of Conscience,
You reaped blessings as the father of hundreds of thousands;
Millions weep at your separation, O Jewel of the Diadem.
Sing propitiously.

On reaching the Apollo Bunder, Lord Ripon, after bidding a warm farewell to the Maharajah Holkar and other Princes who had assembled to see him off, entered a steam launch, and in five minutes had embarked on board the *Clive*.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, Calcutta, Simla, and Bombay.

NATIVE AGRICULTURAL HALL, CALA, TEMBULAND

ON the 17th January, 1884, the above Hall, the first of its kind in South Africa, was opened by the Bishop of St. John's, in the presence of a large number of persons, both white and black.

At 11 A.M. the native choir, consisting of some twenty native girls, formed up outside the building, and, at a signal from the Resident Magistrate (Chas. J. Levey, Esq.), struck up, in a very creditable manner, "God Save the Queen." The Bishop, Magistrate, and other whites present then entered the building and took up their places, the natives following.

All being quiet, Mr. Levey addressed the meeting as Chairman, and presented his lordship, who, after having offered up a prayer, pointed out to the natives the benefits likely to arise to them from the facilities that would henceforth be theirs for learning how to improve the soil. He showed them that the building was not only a house of business, but also a house of God, Who in His mercy had sent man forth to till and subdue the earth.

After having delivered this speech the Hall was declared open, and business was at once entered upon.

In the evening another meeting was held under the presidency of Mr. Levey.

During the day some hundreds of natives were entertained with a solid substantial dinner, consisting of roast beef, potatoes, bread, coffee, &c.

The next day the hall was cleared, and prepared for an entertainment and a dance. Owing to a heavy rain storm the entertainment was not begun till after 9 P.M. After a very pleasing vocal programme had been gone through the dancing commenced and was kept up till close on to half-past three A.M.

It is to be hoped that the example here set by Mr. Levey will be followed by many others who have the welfare of the natives at heart, and, what is of even more consequence, the preservation of peace by the promotion of industry.

The hall is built of freestone neatly "pointed." The measurements are (inside) 50 feet by 15 feet by 13 feet about. It is well floored, ceiled, and ventilated, and is a great credit to its builders as well as to Mr. Levey, but for whom it would not have been built.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. H. G. Scrivener, Resident Magistrate, Cala, Tembuland, South Africa.

THE BALL MONUMENT AT MALTA

ON December 18th Sir Lintorn Simmons, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Malta, inaugurated the restoration of the monument to Alexander John Ball, First Governor of Malta. The new monument is an exact replica of that which was erected in 1810, but which, owing to the softness of the stone, had crumbled into decay. It stands conspicuously on a prominent bastion on a high cliff of rock at the entrance of Valetta Harbour, and is composed of the white island sandstone. It is four-sided, faced with large fluted Ionic columns, with a deep plinth of square blocks. Within the columns, in the solid masonry, are four niches, in the front one of which is the figure of Victory.

The ceremony took place in the presence of a distinguished assemblage, and the Governor took occasion to remind the Maltese of the freedom and prosperity they had enjoyed under British rule.

Captain Ball, who was afterwards made a Knight and a Baronet, distinguished himself under Nelson at the Battle of Aboukir, and then successfully carried out the siege of Malta against the French, who were then in possession of the island. He blockaded Malta for two years, from 1798 to 1800, and yet cleverly managed to keep his vessels beyond the range of the enemy's fire.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Brigade Surgeon Fred. W. Moore, Valetta, Malta.

THE BECHUANALAND EXPEDITION—ON BOARD S.S. "GRANTULLY CASTLE" WITH SIR C. WARREN

"We left the East India Docks," says Captain S. G. Grant, of the Commissariat and Transport Staff, to whom we are indebted for our sketches, "on Wednesday morning, the 12th of November, at 8.30, and steamed down the river to Gravesend, where, making fast to a buoy, we lay-to for three hours and took on board 10 Company, Commissariat and Transport Corps, under Captain Clayton, and a Field Company of Royal Engineers, also a draft of the 6th Enniskillings, all for service in South Africa. We left again at three o'clock, and reached Dartmouth next morning at twelve o'clock. Here we spent the night, and Sir C. Warren and his Staff came on board about five o'clock on Friday morning, the 14th. We sailed at noon that day. We have had a remarkably smooth passage; the Bay was passed very quickly, as we had a fair breeze nearly all the way to Madeira. We are very crowded on board, every berth on board being filled, and the ship's under-officers and stewards have to sleep where best they can.—In the morning we have to wait a long time for a bath; there are but three baths, and we generally have eight or ten fellows waiting their turn.—Sir C. Warren keeps his officers hard at work, and all the morning there are boards of officers sitting on various subjects connected with the Campaign, so that when we arrive at the Cape everything will be cut and dried.—Their thoughts are occasionally distracted by the strains of the Glee Club, who practise in the morning and give entertainments in the saloon, which vary the monotony of the voyage.—Captain Young, the commander of the ship, is a sporting little chap, and plays cricket or quoits with great skill.—The fore-deck is encumbered with a Field Printing Office of the Engineers, which is going out for the use of the Force.—The new clothing for the troops consists of brown corduroy coats and breeches. They look as if they would never wear out, but are a trifle thick and clumsy. Constant parades of the men are held, and experiments made to deprive the things of the disagreeable smell which sticks to them. All the troops engaged in this Expedition are to have this clothing.—The soldiers on board got up a scratch Christy Minstrel Company the other night, and gave us some very good songs and dances.—We reached Madeira on Tuesday, the 18th November, but were put in quarantine on account of fear of cholera, and consequently were unable to land. Boats, however, put off from the shore with fruit, which we bought and pulled up the side whenever we got an opportunity, there being a police boat always on the look-out to prevent intercourse between the ship and the shore."

THE NILE EXPEDITION

LORD WOLSELEY AT DEBBEH

LORD WOLSELEY arrived at Debbeh from Dongola on December 15th. He made the voyage in the Mudir's dahabeah, which was towed by a steamer, and was accompanied by Sir Charles Wilson and his personal staff. On landing he was received by the officer in command, Lieutenant-Colonel Tolson, as well as by the native, civil, and military authorities, and a guard of honour was provided by the Royal Sussex Regiment. Lord Wolseley at once proceeded to inspect the fort, the stores, and the military hospital, and then re-embarking, continued his voyage to Korti.

BUILDING A FORT AT DEBBEH

OUR other sketch illustrates the Royal Sussex Regiment building a fort at Debbeh, which is a most important station, and one of the chief bases of operations. A large market is held at Debbeh twice a week, where provisions in plenty can be purchased, for in times of peace the town is a commercial market for ivory and gum from the interior, and for merchandise of European production, which is distributed thence to Khartoum, Kordofan, and Darfour. In the distance in our artist's sketch may be seen Old Debbeh Fort, which was attacked by the rebels some months ago.

OUR ARTIST SHIPWRECKED—THE WRECK OF THE "GEORGIE"

WE have already published an account of the capsizing of the whaler *Georgie*, in which our artist, Mr. F. Villiers, and Mr. Charles Williams, of the *Daily Chronicle*, were making the voyage from Dongola to Korti. The accident occurred on December 17th, some twenty miles below Korti, in a shallow part of the river, beset with dangerous cross currents and eddies. It was decided to tow the boat, but hardly had the men begun to tug at the tow-lines when the fierce cross-currents caught the little craft and turned her almost keel upwards, being righted with great difficulty. While the inmates were congratulating themselves on their escape, another wrench was felt, and the boat was completely turned over. Entangled in the boat gear and encumbered with their clothing, Messrs. Villiers and Williams were almost powerless to battle with the swift running stream. Fortunately the *Inflexible's* pinnace was close by, and they were rescued with some difficulty by Lieutenant Montgomerie, R.N. Mr. Villiers writes:—

"Lieutenant Montgomerie, of the *Inflexible* picket-boat *Gazelle*, behaved splendidly, and but for his watching me as I rose from under the boat, and throwing me a rope, and attracting my attention to the fact, I was so exhausted with my acquaintance with the depths of the Nile, and weighted with my wearing apparel, for I had my ulster on, that I think you would have been minus one special artist on the staff of the *Graphic*. In saving us his boat unfortunately got on to a sandbank. Our attention was first attracted to the vicinity of the steamer by a shot being fired by her commander at a huge crocodile, so Mr. Williams and I had the double anxiety when in the water of whether we should go to the bottom or make a dinner for the indignant croc., who had just furiously lashed himself into the water from an adjacent sand bank. My loss is most serious, comprising as it does all my campaigning kit and about 45% in gold. In fact, everything was lost but the clothes in which I was rescued. I was very fortunate, however, to escape, as I was under the whaler when she capsized. We slept the night of the disaster on the unsheltered bank of the Nile on a bed of ammunition boxes, taken from the steamer to ease her while getting off the sandbank, our only bed clothes being the damp sail from our boat, which was washed ashore with the mast. The next day Mr. Williams and I walked along the banks and across the desert to Korti to the British camp, a distance of two and twenty miles. We were obliged to do this for the sake of supplies. Lieutenant Montgomerie kindly lent me a felt hat, round which I placed one of my shirts, filling the interior with leaves, to keep off the rays of the sun. When we arrived in camp numerous friends came to the front, and from their limited kits contributed socks, shirts, a hat or two, and other garments of which I was sorely in need, my own sadly demonstrating the fact that they had seen better days. It is possible that I may scrape together some kind of campaigning gear before we move on, but how in this inhospitable region I know not. I certainly am sadly handicapped. My sketch of the water carriers at Handak speaks for itself. The remainder relate to our accident, my usual weekly budget having floated down the Nile. Though they illustrate a personal matter, they may not prove uninteresting, as they give some idea of the troubles attending correspondents on the Nile while endeavouring to keep up with the march of events in the Soudan Expedition."

SPORT BY THE WAY

SAND GROUSE SHOOTING.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Captain Verner, of the Rifle Brigade, who writes:—"The sand grouse is met with in the deserts in large numbers, generally in coveys of from eight to fifteen birds, but at times in packs of fifty up to 100. They appear to delight in the most desolate country, and are constantly to be seen more than fifteen miles from any water or cultivation. About two hours after dawn they come down to the Nile to drink, and great numbers are then killed by sportsmen who manage to post themselves in their line of flight. As a rule, no art is necessary to approach within shot in the desert; the birds, from being long accustomed to camels passing through their haunts, and also from having been up to now almost entirely unmolested, allow the traveller to pass within a few yards of them. Now, however, they are rapidly becoming more wary, and regard any person on foot with some suspicion. A good plan is to use a camel as a 'stalking horse,' as depicted in my sketch. By this means it is a common occurrence to bring five or six birds with the two barrels. This is a very important point when the scarcity of cartridges in these parts is taken into account. The sand grouse is excellent eating, and a decided improvement on tinned meat."

WILD GESE SHOOTING ON THE NILE.—Captain Verner, when accompanying Lieutenant Abdy, R.N., in the latter's steam pinnace, No. 104, also made sketches of a successful raid on wild geese. "He writes:—"Considerable numbers of the Egyptian goose, besides duck of various sorts, are to be found along the Nile at this season, and like all wildfowl they require some scheming to bring them to bay. One sketch shows the pinnace when two geese feeding are sighted, another the long stalk after the birds, one gun making a false attack from the sandhills, at a distance far enough not to give the alarm, whilst the other gun works round under cover of some rocks. The result is shown in a third sketch, both geese falling to the first barrel, but one only winged, and requiring two more shots from the other gun, who headed him as he was making off down stream."

This shooting from the pinnace is, of course, only indulged in at odd times, as the boat is busily engaged towing whalers, and helping any that get into difficulties in the rapids. However, during one week Lieutenant Abdy managed to pick up seven geese, four duck, and eighteen brace of sand grouse, besides many plover. The Egyptian grouse is a very handsome bird. His snowy white wing coverts contrast well with the beautiful metallic green secondaries, the scapulars and tail are a rich chesnut, as are portions of the head and breast."

CROCODILE SHOOTING.—This sketch depicts a detachment of our troops practising their volley firing upon those ancient inhabitants of the Nile, the alligators, and needs no special description.

WITH METHUEN'S HORSE

THE three hundred men who compose the Bechuana Volunteer Force (or Methuen's Horse) were divided on board the *Spartan* into two corps. The first consisted chiefly of gentlemen, many of whom had had the most varied experience and chequered career. Some were young fellows not long from Eton or the Universities, and some were military and even naval officers serving as troopers and non-commissioned officers. The B troop consisted of a somewhat rougher element: many of them were old soldiers, but not a few had seen better days. The first experiences of the *Spartan* were not agreeable. The weather was rough, and she was an inveterate roller. One volunteer, who had served through the Zulu Campaign, and been wounded in it, quitted the ship at Plymouth rather than face the horrors of sea-sickness any longer.

The day's proceedings on board were as follow:—The bugle sounded at 6.30 A.M.; ablutions, with buckets and under the hose, till breakfast time, at 8 A.M.; dinner at 12, and tea at 4 P.M. After tea, reading, writing, chorus-singing, and occasionally concerts and theatricals.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. C. W. West, trooper, Methuen's Horse.

THE LATE BISHOP OF LONDON

WE have already published a memoir of Bishop Jackson, and therefore need not repeat it here. The funeral took place on Saturday, January 10th, in the quiet and sequestered parish churchyard of Fulham. The congregation, which included nearly 300 of the clergy of the Diocese, was limited only by the accommodation the church would afford. Since Bishop Hinchman was interred, in 1675, in this old churchyard, all the Bishops of London who have died while holding the See have been buried here. The Service at Bishop Jackson's funeral was choral, and the second portion was taken entirely by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The inscription on the coffin was "John, Bishop of London. Born 22nd February, 1811. Died on the Feast of the Epiphany, 1885." Next day the grave was hidden under masses of flowers. Preaching on the following day at St. Matthew's, Brixton, the Archbishop said of Bishop Jackson: "His life had been one of unflinching work, dedicated to the ever-increasing duties in Christ of this mighty capital. Old men sometimes took gloomy views of the future, fearing that when they were gone others would pull down that which they had built up. But no one who knew Bishop Jackson ever heard him praise the past to

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,855 deaths were registered against 1,956 during the previous seven days, a fall of 101, being 42 above the average, and at the rate of 23·7 per 1,000. There were 47 deaths from small-pox (a rise of 13, and 24 above the average), and the Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals contained 1,009 patients at the close of last week, the fresh admissions numbering 216. There were 27 deaths from measles (an increase of 13), 21 from scarlet fever (a rise of 5), 14 from from diphtheria (a decline of 12), 40 from whooping-cough (an increase of 2), 8 from enteric fever (a fall of 7), one from an ill-defined form of fever, 8 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 3), one from cholera, and not one from typhus fever. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 552, a decline of 57, but exceeding the average by 53. Different forms of violence caused 65 deaths: 57 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 16 from fractures and contusions, 19 from burns and scalds, 7 from drowning, and 12 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Seven cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,876 births, against 2,816 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 42. The mean temperature of the air was 35·1 deg., and 3·2 deg. below the average. Rain fell on six days, to the aggregate amount of 0·27 of an inch. The duration of registered bright sunshine in the week was 1·4 hours, against 6·6 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.



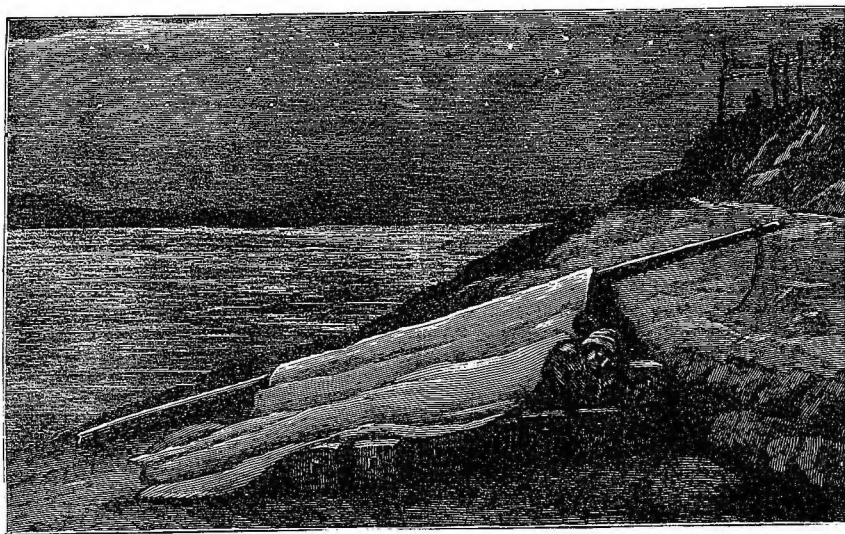
RIGHT REV. JOHN JACKSON, D.D., BISHOP OF LONDON
Born February 22, 1811. Died Jan. 6, 1885



MAJOR NICHOLAS W. BROPHY, BLACK WATCH
Drowned in the Nile. December 28, 1884



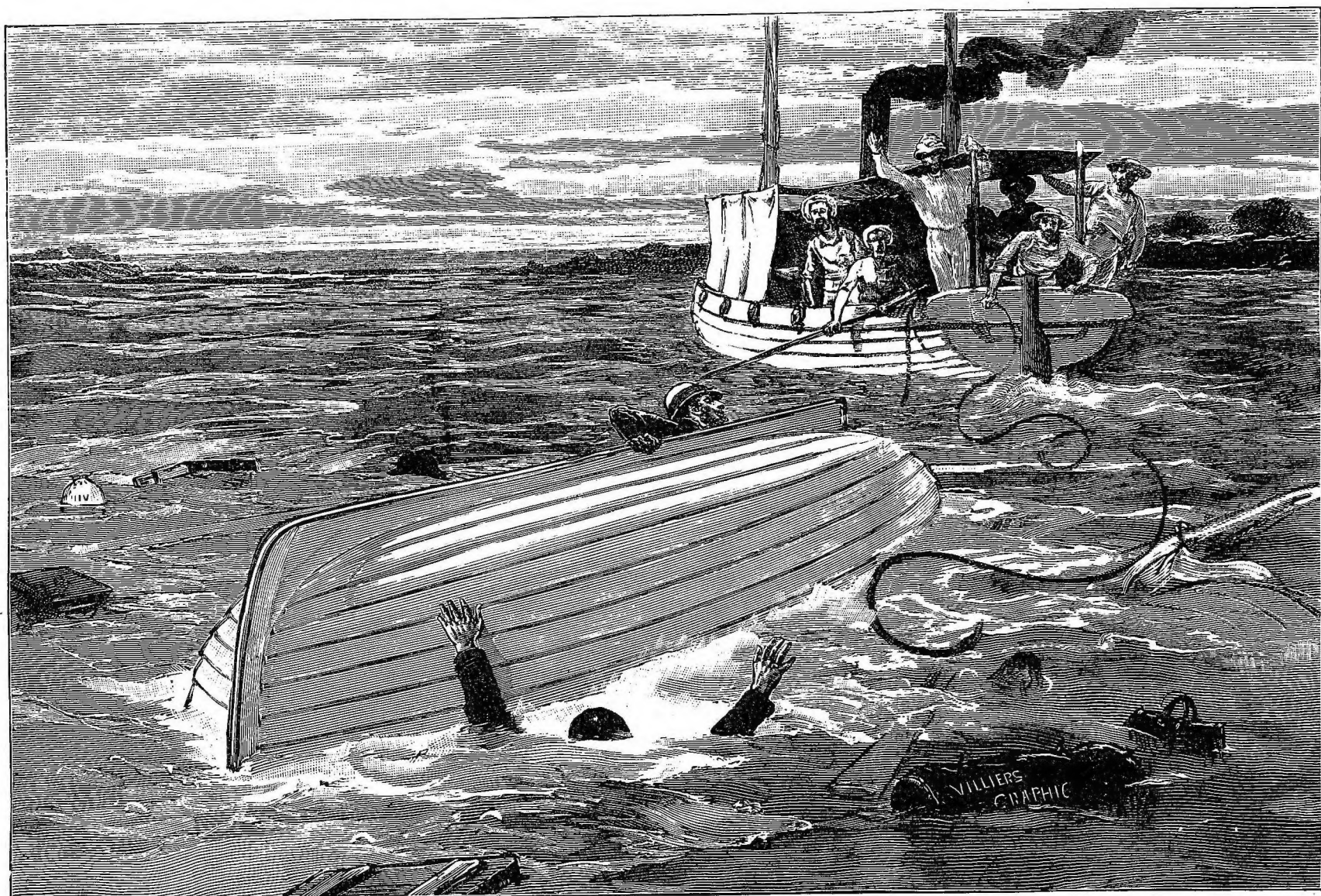
MR. RICHARD BLACKWOOD KER
New Conservative M.P. for County Down



IMPROVISED SHELTER ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE AFTER THE WRECK



CORRESPONDENTS JOURNEYING ACROSS THE DESERT AFTER THE WRECK OF THEIR BOAT



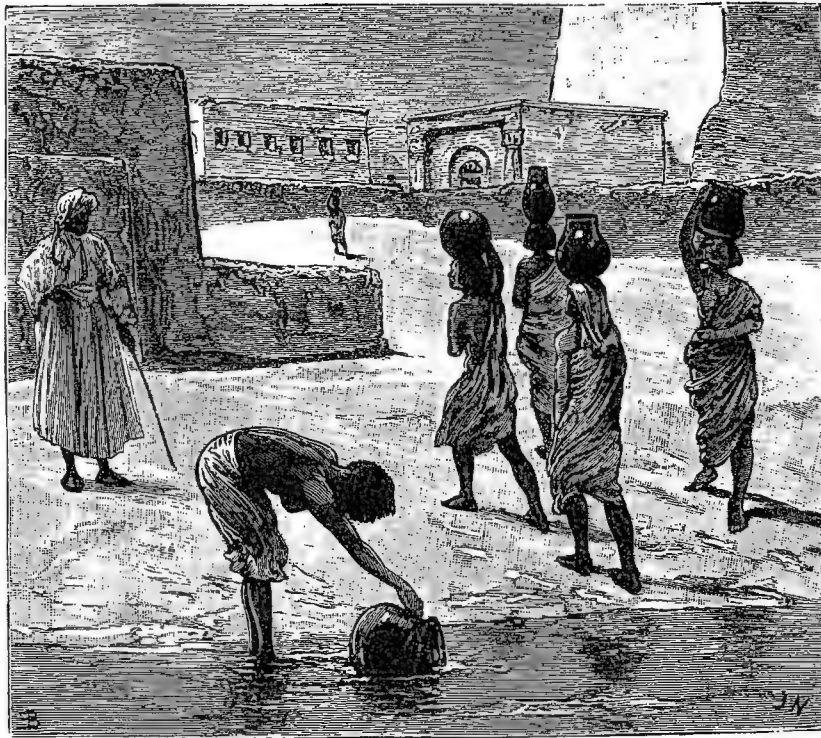
WRECK OF THE PRESS BOAT "GEORGIE"—MR. F. VILLIERS AND MR. CHARLES WILLIAMS RESCUED FROM DROWNING BY THE PINNACE OF THE "INFLEXIBLE"

THE ADVENTURES OF SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS ON ACTIVE SERVICE

FROM SKETCHES BY MR. F. VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE NILE EXPEDITION

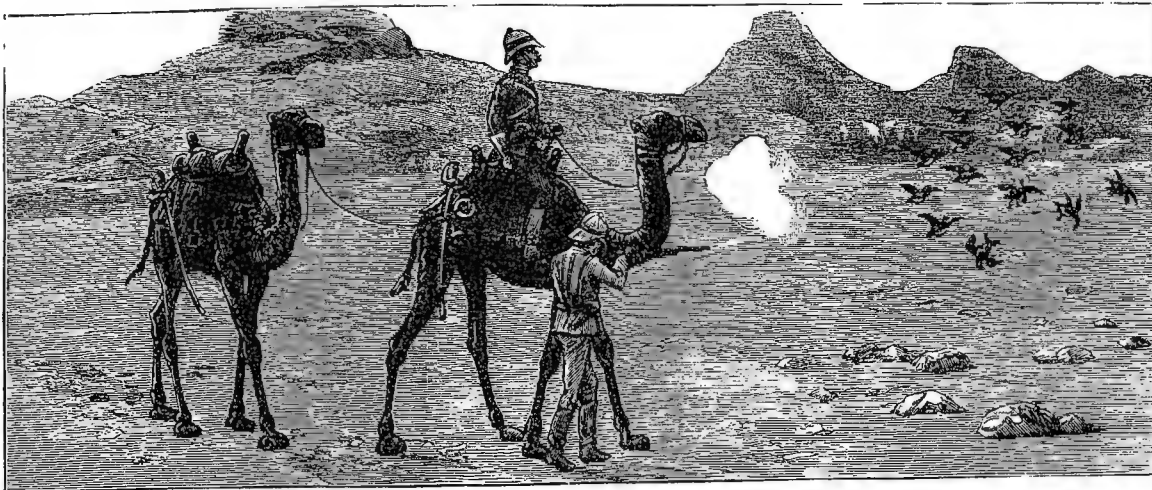


SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS REPAIRING THEIR BOAT AFTER PASSING THE RAPIDS
From a Sketch by Mr. F. Villiers, Our Special Artist

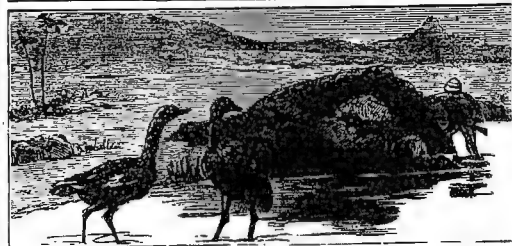
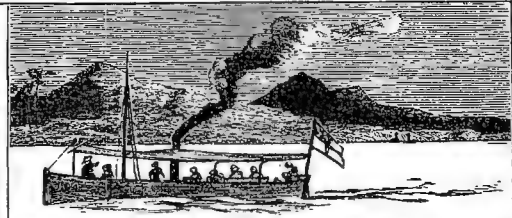


WATER CARRIERS AT HANDAK
From a Sketch by Mr. F. Villiers, Our Special Artist

STEAM PINNACE NO. 104



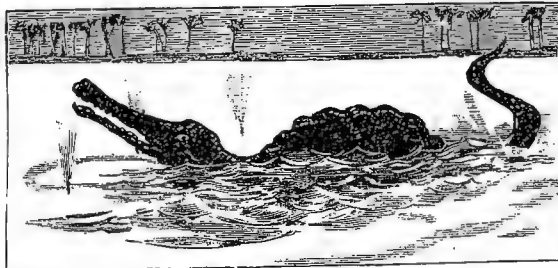
SAND GROUSE SHOOTING



STALKING WILD GEESE



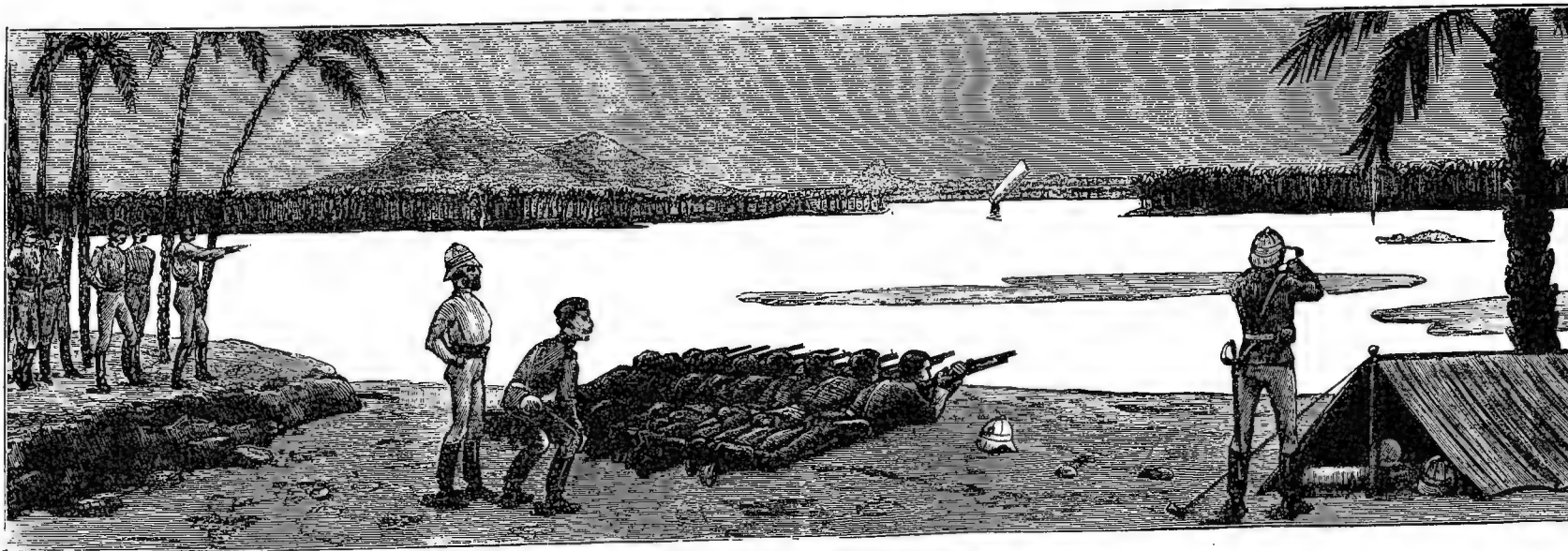
BEFORE THE VOLLEY



AFTER THE VOLLEY



BAGGING BOTH BIRDS



A VOLLEY AT A CROCODILE
SPORT BY THE WAY
FROM SKETCHES BY A MILITARY OFFICER

THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON



THIS WEEK has been for the country one of rather anxious expectation. The arrival of the French proposals on the Egyptian question, supported as they were known to be by Germany, Austria, and Russia, was followed by the reassembling and by two protracted sittings of the Cabinet on Tuesday and Wednesday, Mr. Gladstone, who is now convalescent, being present at both. After the meeting on Wednesday the German Ambassador had a long conference with Lord Granville at the Foreign Office in Downing Street, and in the evening the Foreign Secretary received the French Ambassador in Carlton House Gardens, when, it is assumed, Mr. Waddington was informed of the decision of the Cabinet on the proposals of his Government. Report speaks of an acceptance of these to an extent which might ultimately involve the establishment of, or the pretension to establish, that "multiple control" in Egypt against which the press of London and of the provinces, both Liberal and Conservative, has with singular unanimity been protesting during the week.

THE CONSERVATIVES OF BIRMINGHAM will not, as they hoped, have again for their candidate the gallant Colonel Burnaby, who was among the officers killed in General Stewart's dearly-bought victory at Abu Klea on the 17th inst.

MR. GOSCHEN may be destined to represent once more a section of a capital, though it will be the capital not of England, but of Scotland. When he abandoned the City of London he found a refuge in the little Yorkshire borough of Ripon, which, under the Redistribution Bill, loses its solitary member. Some influential electors in what is to be the North-Eastern Division of Edinburgh have invited him to stand for it as an "Independent Liberal," and he is to address them at the end of the present month—in this, as in other cases, it being apparently taken for granted that the Redistribution Bill will pass very much as it is printed.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has decided on becoming a candidate for the Barnstaple Division of North Devon, and has begun an electioneering campaign among those who, he hopes, are to be his next constituents. He has been criticising with more elaboration than novelty the foreign, colonial, and domestic policy of the Government. A slightly noticeable passage in one of his speeches was that in which he protested against the doctrine that a "ransom" is due from property to the people, which was recently broached by Mr. Chamberlain, and which strongly reminded Sir Stafford Northcote of "the black mail of former days."

ON WEDNESDAY Sir Henry James addressed the electors of Bury, in Lancashire, for which he is to be a candidate at the General Election; and Sir Stafford Northcote was cordially received at Ilfracombe. On the same day, at Cork, Mr. Parnell spoke jubilantly of the prospects of his party. His programme of immediate action, or agitation, includes the abolition of rent, the acquisition of land by the Irish agricultural labourer, and a new claim—protection for Irish manufactures.

FOR SOME UNEXPLAINED REASON—perhaps because Fair Trade has many adherents in the capital of the worsted manufacture—Sir Charles Dilke addressed the Bradford Chamber of Commerce at the beginning of the week. Naturally, with such an audience, the President of the Local Government Board eschewed party-politics, and dealt mainly with commercial and industrial topics. Although the most orthodox Free Traders have learned to regard commercial treaties as savouring of the reciprocity heresy, Sir Charles, while protesting vigorously against Fair Trade, dilated on the benefits promised by the new quasi-convention, in accordance with which Spain may one of these days extend to this country the most-favoured nation treatment in return for a modification of our wine-duties in favour of the cheaper class of Spanish wines.

PRESIDING AT THE USUAL CONCERT in Exeter Hall of the National Temperance Society, Mr. Caine, M.P., the new Civil Lord of the Admiralty, descanted on the physical advantages of total abstinence, saying that the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir had been fought by our troops on cold tea, and that the recent march of the force across the worst part of the desert route had been performed on water defective both in quantity and quality. Eight thousand of our Blue-jackets, he stated, were teetotallers, and to these must be added 4,000 or 5,000 in the training-ships or naval schools.

THERE IS TO BE A VOLUNTEER REVIEW on Easter Monday at Brighton, and a field day at Dover. The former will, as usual, consist chiefly of Volunteers from the Home district, who, however, in the case of the field day at Dover, are to be allowed to furnish only four battalions. It is expected that, with the attendance of Sussex and Hampshire Volunteers at Brighton, the force will be at least as large as at the last review there, in 1883, when some 23,000 men were reviewed. The issue of the Martini-Henry rifle to the Volunteers has begun in London with the delivery of them to the 1st Volunteer Battalion Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment). It is hoped that the re-arming of the force will be completed by Easter.

A MEETING, ostensibly summoned in the interest of the unemployed of London, was held in front of the Royal Exchange on Saturday, and was attended by some 2,000 persons, only a small proportion of whom seem to have belonged to the class which has "got no work to do." The chief orators were Mr. Henry George and some advocates, clerical and lay, of his spoliation scheme of land nationalisation, so that the proceedings could not, and cannot, have any useful practical result.

BY THE ELECTION OF SIR WILLIAM MUIR, in succession to the late Sir Alexander Grant, the Principalship of Edinburgh University again devolves on a distinguished Anglo-Indian. Sir William Muir has filled several high offices under the Indian Government, and is now a member of the Home Council of India. In literature he is known as the biographer of Mahomet and historian of Mahometanism.

THE SKYE CROFTERS are not at all satisfied with the concessions offered them at the recent conference of Highland landowners. At a meeting of them held this week a resolution was carried not only expressive of this dissatisfaction, but declaring that deer forests and sheep-farms must be divided among the crofters, and their rents fixed.

ON THURSDAY NIGHT last week the *Santa Clara*, an American sailing ship, ran with great and destructive force into the London and North-Western Railway Company's cargo steamer, *Admiral Moorsom*, about seven miles west of the South Stack Lighthouse, Holyhead. According to one account, Captain Weekes, in command of the *Admiral Moorsom*, jumped into the sea immediately after the collision; according to another and more probable version, he was borne overboard by the falling gear of his own or of the other colliding vessel. Of the passengers and crew, thirty-six in all, one or two escaped by climbing on to the *Santa Clara*, and twelve others by getting into a boat, which was picked up by the *Santa Clara*. Five others, including a mother and her daughter, who remained on the wreck, were with great difficulty rescued from

it by the Cork steamer *Falcon* on Friday morning, at which time the *Admiral Moorsom* was lying almost on her beam-ends. A second boat, with eleven persons on board, who had a terrible struggle of many hours to keep it afloat, was picked up at ten o'clock on Friday afternoon, on the Arklow coast of Ireland, by a Norwegian vessel, the *Stanley*. Altogether thirty persons were saved.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of the Earl of Wilton, to whom as Lord Grey de Wilton Lord Beaconsfield addressed the letter charging Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues of his first Premiership with "plundering and blundering," in his fifty-second year; of the eleventh Earl of Dundonald, son of the distinguished Admiral, in his seventy-first year; of Mr. W. J. Hertslet, Her Majesty's Consul for East and West Prussia, Posen, and Silesia, at the age of sixty-eight; of Mr. Morgan O'Connell, second son and last survivor of the family of the Liberator, at the age of eighty-one; of Dr. E. B. Baxter, until recently Professor of Materia Medica in King's College, London, and as author, editor, and translator a valued contributor to medical literature, at the early age of forty; of Mr. A. W. Cursham, the famous football player, formerly captain of the Notts Football Club, which presented him with a handsome testimonial previously to his departure last summer to settle in Florida, where he died; of Mr. George Burnett, a Scottish veteran, who served in the Peninsular war from Vittoria to Toulouse, and who received at Waterloo a musket ball which completely disabled him, at the advanced age of ninety-four; and of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, sister to Lord Granville, in her seventy-third year. She was the author of several works of fiction, the first of which, "Ellen Middleton," published many years ago, was very successful. Becoming afterwards a Roman Catholic, she devoted her pen mainly to the composition of biographical and other works specially interesting to members of that Communion. She married, in 1833, Mr. A. G. Fullerton of Ballintyre, county Antrim.



THE QUEEN, it is stated, has contributed 20*l.* to the fund for reseating and renovating the Congregational Church at East Cowes.

A NEW CHURCH, St. Agnes, Sefton Park, Liverpool, being about to be consecrated, an announcement was made that a series of services were to be celebrated in it, at which the preachers were well-known Ritualists, Mr. Mackonochie being among them. Twenty-four beneficed clergymen of the Diocese memorialised the Bishop to delay the consecration until an assurance was given that the Church should not be used for Ritualistic purposes, and to inhibit "converted law-breakers" from preaching in his Diocese. Bishop Kyle has declined to accede to the prayer of the memorial, as one which he would not be legally justified in acting on. "My business," he concludes his reply by saying, "is to administer laws, not to make them."

IN A PASTORAL ADDRESS, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol raises a warning voice against the probable results of what he regards as the increasing intensity of Romanising practices and doctrines in the services and sermons of some Anglican churches. "Such things," he says, "are digging the grave of the Establishment."

HOW TO PROVIDE SUPERANNUATION ALLOWANCES, a question of great interest to the poorer clergy—only too numerous a class—was discussed at a clerical conference held this week, under the presidency of Dr. Hessey, Archdeacon of Middlesex, who in his opening speech stated the suggestive fact that the number of persons taking Holy Orders without possessing private means was largely on the increase. The official incomes of the clergy being small, many of them were unable, when they reached old age, to retire, or if they did retire they had to spend the remainder of their days in wretched penury. In the subsequent discussion of various plans suggested to provide pensions for retiring clergymen, there were some differences of opinion, chiefly on two points; first, whether the contributions of the laity and others, not entitled to participation in the benefits accruing, should be added to those of the clergy themselves; and second, whether supposing a system of superannuation pensions were established, retirement at a certain age should be made compulsory. Ultimately, a committee was appointed to frame a scheme for further consideration.

WHAT WILL THE POPE SAY? A Scotch Presbyterian Church is being opened in Rome with a frontage to the principal street of the Italian capital.



THE TURF.—The second instalment of the entries for the Spring Handicaps and other stakes confirms the impression made by the first, to the effect that there is no decadence of racing spirit, and that plenty of interesting competition will take place for the principal events of the season, at least during the earlier part of it. The Lincolnshire Handicap shows eighty-five as against sixty-eight last year, and the Liverpool Grand National has more horses engaged in it than in any year since 1878. The Leicester Spring Handicap, the value of which is 2,000*l.*, has closed with no less than eighty-five subscribers, and seems to threaten to supplant both the Lincolnshire event and the City and Suburban in popularity.—For the Two Thousand and Derby Paradox continues first favourite, and for the former event is quoted at a point less than he was last week.—Much dissatisfaction is felt in this country at the reported proposal of the Irish National Hunt Committee to reduce the minimum weight in hurdle races to 9 st. 7 lb.—Much sympathy is felt in Turf circles at the early death of Lord Aylesford in America. His colours were for some years very familiar on the Turf; but though from time to time he owned some fair horses he had hardly his fair share of success.

FOOTBALL.—On Monday evening last a Special General Meeting of the Football Association to decide whether professionalising at football should be allowed was held at the Freemasons' Tavern. Upwards of two hundred delegates were present. Major Marindin, the President, who occupied the chair, opened the proceedings by stating the object of the meeting, and proposed that the resolutions of the sub-committee be put to the meeting separately. This, on a show of hands, was carried unanimously. Mr. C. W. Alcock then brought forward the first proposition, viz., "That it is expedient to legalise professionalism." This was seconded by Mr. N. L. Jackson. Mr. Crump, on behalf of the Birmingham Association, brought forward a resolution to the effect that the introduction of professionalism would be ruin to the game, and that the rules of the Association, if carried out, were quite sufficient to

prevent importation. After a lengthy and hot discussion, a division was taken, which resulted in Mr. Alcock's resolution being thrown out by 113 votes to 108, the rules of the Association requiring a majority of two-thirds of the meeting. Of course the determination will be widely discussed throughout the country, and will probably be more generally acceptable in the Southern than in the Northern districts. The eventual result of a renewed agitation on the subject will probably be that "professionalism" in the game will be legalised.—In the Association Cup contest the Blackburn Rovers (the holders) have signally defeated Romford by eight goals to none. Queen's Park has beaten Old Wykehamists; and Church, Darwen.

AQUATICS.—An interesting professional sculling match is fixed to come off on the Thames at the end of February over the Putney and Chiswick course. Sixty-four men have entered, including a large number of Northerners. J. Largin is put at scratch, while G. Perkins receives four seconds start; G. Bulear six seconds; W. Goodwin nine seconds; and W. Elliot ten seconds. The limit man is Joe Cannon, with forty seconds' start. The "weights" apparently are well allotted, and there should be a large acceptance. From the many entries it will be seen that there are a large number of scullers of a certain class in this country, but it is doubtful if the race will disclose a man good enough to challenge Hanlan.—From Oxford news comes that the Dark Blues have followed the example of their rivals on the Cam, and begun serious practice for the Putney race. Balfour of Trinity has been rowing stroke, while Unwin of Magdalen, who was stroke last year, has been bow.

BILLIARDS.—Great interest has been excited in the billiard world by the fact that J. Roberts, jun., has accepted W. Cook's challenge to play for the championship. Cook has also accepted Roberts's recent challenge to give any man in the world 2,000 points in 12,000 up, spot barred, to play on an ordinary 35-8th table. This match is to take place within a week or a fortnight after the championship contest. Both matches are to be for 100*l.* a side.

CRICKET.—The score in the match at the Antipodes between Australia (Murdoch and Co.) and England (Shaw and Co.), which was won by the latter by eight wickets, has come to hand. For Australia, in the first innings, M'Donnell made 124 and Blackham 66; and for England, Scotton 82, Ulyett 68, and Flowers 126.

HUNTING.—The continuous open weather may account for some of the very numerous accidents in the hunting-field which have been reported since Christmas, horses having had too much work, and consequently been more liable to come to grief. At the time of writing a real frost is threatening; and if this comes to pass hunting men who "have no work to do" may profitably employ some of their leisure in reading an excellent article in *Baily's Magazine* of the present month on "The Reciprocities of Fox-Hunting," as it deals with a subject which the hunting man would do well to consider. It is possible that the amount of damage done to land over which a hunt passes once, twice, or oftener may be at times exaggerated; but it is very certain that the breaking of fences, the riding over seeds, the leaving open of gates (to say nothing of the depredations of foxes, for which more or less liberal remuneration is usually forthcoming) does cost the farmer hard cash. It is urged that this is compensated for by the fact that in hunting men the farmer finds ready customers for his hay, oats, and straw, not to speak of the chance of selling a young horse. But this is just the point of the grievance. Farmers complain that men who ride over their land—in some cases even masters of hounds—fail entirely to remember that an obligation is involved. Strangers in boots and breeches turn up at intervals in hunting districts, see that their horses are unboxed, and ride away smilingly, as if they were conferring a benefit on the farmers who watch the arrival of the train. Worse still, many men year after year make their headquarters in a certain town, and never think of spending a penny to benefit those who, at a cost to themselves, render fox-hunting possible. As the writer very justly says:—"They have not an acre of land in their adopted country; they pay no rent for the ground they ride over; and the only compensation it is in their power to make is the spending of what money they have among those who provide the sport for them." This is a matter worthy of the best attention on the part of those who desire the continuance of the sport.—On Tuesday last Her Majesty's staghounds had a narrow escape from being destroyed by a Great Western Railway train. The deer was uncared at Iwer railway bridge, where it got on the line, followed by the hounds. The whips, seeing their danger, immediately dismounted, and whipped the hounds off the rails. Almost immediately afterwards an up and down train passed, and but for the smartness of the whips the pack would probably have been cut to pieces.



IN HIS CHARGE TO THE GRAND JURY at the Norwich Assizes, Lord Coleridge referred with satisfaction to the statistical fact that, in spite of the considerable increase of population in the interval, the number of criminals in England is actually less now than it was between forty and fifty years ago.

IF STRUCTURAL ARRANGEMENTS for the establishment of the Confessional made by the incumbent of an Anglican church dissatisfied members of the congregation, a people's churchwarden who sympathises with the malcontents must not take the law into his own hands, and remove the obnoxious fixtures, but appeal to the Bishop of the Diocese. This was the opinion expressed by the magistrate of the Worship Street Police Court, before whom a people's churchwarden was charged with improper behaviour when evening service was about to be performed last Sunday in the Church of St. Anne's, Hoxton. The people's warden, in the sight of the congregation, pulled back some curtains near the choir, and seated himself in a chair which was previously hidden by them from view, and which, it seems, had been used for confessional purposes. The sexton, whose personal or official sympathies, either or both, were with the incumbent, endeavoured to force the intruding churchwarden from his seat, and in the scuffle which ensued the curtains came to grief. The magistrate suggested that the charge should be withdrawn, on the understanding that the people's churchwarden forbore from further forcible intervention, and appealed to the Bishop. The incumbent assenting, this case, which excited great interest in the neighbourhood, came to an end. An unlucky bootmaker, however, who, in the hearing of the congregation, had repeated too loudly and too frequently an observation made to him by the people's warden, to the effect that "all seats are free," was adjudged guilty of "brawling," and fined 40*s.*

MR. EDMUND YATES, as proprietor of the *World*, entered last week on his term of four months' imprisonment, to which some months ago he was sentenced for the publication in that journal of a libel on the Earl of Lonsdale, under circumstances with which our readers are familiar. The Court of Appeal decided against the objection raised on technical grounds to the sentence; and at the eleventh hour Mr. Yates prudently decided not to make a further appeal to the House of Lords.



A DECISIVE BLOW has been struck in EGYPT, General Stewart having defeated a large force of the Mahdi's troops on the 17th inst. at the wells of Abu Klea, fifty-three miles from Gakdul and twenty-three from Metammeh, on the Nile. To take up our chronicle of events, General Stewart successfully accomplished his march across the desert to Gakdul, though the troops seem to have suffered severely from want of water, the skins having been leaky and the native carriers reckless in the use of the precious fluid. A halt was made at Howeiatt Wells, which are guarded by a small garrison of the Essex Regiment under Captain Carter, and at the Abou Halfa Wells, where good water is procurable; and Gakdul Wells were reached on the 12th inst., the Expedition having taken four days to make the journey. The Guards and Engineers had made good use of their time during their stay at Gakdul, having built two forts and having improved the channels which conduct the water from the upper to the lower reservoirs. The troops behaved admirably on the march, and despite the terrible thirst, which prevented them from eating their food, comparatively few fell out. Thirty camels dropped by the way, and the horses of the Hussars were greatly exhausted from want of water. There were few signs of the enemy, who, beyond having fired upon the forts at Hambok, made no hostile demonstration. Various natives have been captured wearing the Mahdi's uniform, but they energetically professed friendship towards us, although, as events turned out, they were probably spies from the main body at Abu Klea. At Gakdul Colonel Stewart halted two days to refresh his men, and on the 14th set out for Metammeh with a force amounting to 1,400 men, Colonel Vandeleur being left in command at the Wells.

Nothing noteworthy appears to have occurred in the march until the afternoon of the 16th inst., when the Hussar scouts reported that the enemy were in force at the Wells of Abu Klea, which were then in sight. General Stewart at once marched his force in square column formation, rode forward to reconnoitre, and discovered the enemy at the neck of a valley leading from the desert to the Nile. As by this time it was evening, General Stewart determined to bivouack for the night, and a zereba was accordingly formed, and strong picquets posted on the hills in front. Throughout the night the enemy kept up a dropping fire, and twice during the night the men were called to arms. In the morning the enemy was seen developing strength on our right front, while scouts were seen to be creeping round the left flank. At ten o'clock General Stewart decided to advance, and leaving the camels and heavy impedimenta in the zereba, he moved forward, in hollow-square formation, the Mounted Infantry on the left half front, the Artillery and Gardner guns in the centre, the Guards on the right half front, and, together with the Royal Sussex on the right flank, the Heavies and Mounted Infantry on the left flank, and the remainder of the Heavy Brigade and the Naval Brigade in the rear. The enemy, estimated at 10,000 men, occupied favourable ground, and were massed in echelon in two columns—one on the right, led by Abu Saleh, Emir of Metammeh; the other, on the left, by Mahomed Khair, Emir of Berber. "Our square moved forward," the *Daily News* correspondent says, "under a hail of bullets; men dropping from the ranks right and left." In about an hour the main body of the enemy was in full view, and General Stewart endeavoured to pass round their left flank. Wheeling suddenly to the left, however, the enemy charged full upon the left rear of the square, and temporarily threw the Heavies into confusion. Our men, however, quickly rallied, withstood the tremendous onslaught with great steadiness, and poured a withering fire upon their assailants, while a terrible hand-to-hand fight took place. The Artillery, also, were speedily brought into action, and the enemy was compelled to retire, leaving 800 dead upon the field. Our loss was severe, being mainly caused by the enemy's charge. Nine officers and sixty-five non-commissioned officers and men were killed, and eighty-five wounded. The officers killed are Lieutenant-Colonel F. G. Burnaby, Royal Horse Guards; Major Carmichael, 15th Lancers; Major Atherton, 5th Dragoon Guards; Major Gough, Royal Dragoons; Captain Darley, 4th Dragoon Guards; Lieutenant Law, 4th Dragoon Guards; Lieutenant Wolfe, Scots Greys; and Lieutenants Pigott and Delisle, Naval Brigade. Lord St. Vincent, Major Dickson, Lieutenants Lyall and Guthrie, and Surgeon Magill are severely wounded, and Lord Airlie, Lieutenants Beech and Costello, and Major Gough, Mounted Infantry, slightly injured. General Stewart highly praises the conduct of the troops, who withstood the desperate fighting of the Mahdi's followers with admirable courage and steadiness. After the enemy had retreated, General Stewart halted at the wells for a few hours, and then leaving the wounded under the charge of a strong guard started on the march to Metammeh. Little further opposition was expected to be encountered there, but it is somewhat ominous for the further advance to Khartoum, as well as for the safety of General Gordon, that it is now ascertained that Omdurman, which lies on the left bank of the river opposite Khartoum, has been taken and occupied by the Mahdi.

At Korti the whalers with the troops continue to come in; and Lord Wolseley telegraphs that out of 800 boats landed in Egypt about 750 are working along the river, a small number only having been totally wrecked on the Nile rapids. General Earle's column is pushing forward from Merawi, and Lord Wolseley has ordered all letters from Cairo to be forwarded to this section of the army *via* Korosko and Abu-Hamed, by which it would appear that the Korosko desert route is free from danger. Reinforcements have also been ordered to Suakim, so that it is probable that the Suakim-Berber route will be opened and utilised for the return of the troops, who will thus be saved the long journey down the Nile. Such a decision will naturally raise the question as to why Lord Wolseley did not adopt that route for his march upon Khartoum. At Cairo all is quiet, but the most intense anxiety has been aroused by the French counter-proposals to the English scheme for the financial settlement. The Italian member of the Debt Commission, Signor Baravelli, has resigned, as he objects to the policy of his Government in not supporting that of France, Germany, and Austria. At Alexandria there has been a demonstration of the "unindemnified," at which inflammatory speeches were made, and cries of "A bas les Anglais!" "A bas les Tribunaux!" "A bas le Gouvernement!" were raised. Strong detachments of our troops, however, were held in readiness, and no disturbance occurred. The Mudir of Dongola asserts that he has received further news from Khartoum, where there had been renewed fighting, and the rebels had sunk one of Gordon's steamers.

The French answer to the English proposals for the financial settlement in Egypt has been duly presented to the English Cabinet, and Germany, Austria, and Russia have signified their adherence to the French counter-proposals provided that England will accept them. M. Ferry begins by suggesting an international investigation into the financial condition of Egypt, and proposes that a Commission for this purpose should be formed of the various representatives of the Powers on the spot "to ascertain the real position, and adopt the measures thus rendered necessary." The urgency is admitted, however, of meeting without delay the exigencies of the Egyptian Treasury, but M. Ferry suggests that instead of

England guaranteeing a loan of 5,000,000*l.* at 3½ per cent., and then raising 4,000,000*l.* at 5 per cent., for the payment of the indemnities, a loan should be issued under the collective guarantee of the Powers, for 9,000,000*l.* at 3½ per cent. The proposed reduction of ½ per cent. on the English Canal Shares is accepted, but in place of any reduction of interest on the debt, a tax of 5 per cent. on the coupons is proposed. The suspension of the Sinking Fund is agreed to, but the proposed assignment of the Daira and Domains revenues as security for the new loan and their administration by a new and more homogeneous staff in place of the existing throng of Gallic officials, is rejected, and the Note concludes with a request that England will consider the question of neutralisation of the Suez Canal in time of war—as proposed by Lord Granville in 1883—and intimates that England should convene a Conference to discuss the necessary details. The most obnoxious features in M. Ferry's Note are naturally the suggestion for an International Investigation Committee, and for an Internationally Guaranteed Loan, as such measures would only too certainly ensure the establishment of a Multiple Control over Egyptian affairs which would be even worse than the Anglo-French Dual Control, which was found so impracticable. Moreover England and her army in Egypt would be reduced to the position of a broker's man in possession, which would scarcely befit either her dignity or her interests.

In GERMANY Prince Bismarck, perhaps to counteract the favourable impression caused by his friendly speeches of last week, has had another fling at England by the publication of yet another White Book, this time relating to certain claims to land in Fiji put forward by German subjects. The correspondence extends from October, 1874, when we annexed the islands, to last September—a period of ten years. As usual, the book does not show up British diplomacy in the most favourable light, our Ministers having at first flatly refused to entertain the suggestions of the German Government, and finally having capitulated, and consented to the holding of an inquiry by a Committee of German and British Representatives. The issue of the correspondence at the present critical time has very naturally given rise to much comment. Prince Bismarck has been entertaining at dinner the members of the West African Conference, who, by the way, have not been getting on very speedily with their work, as France and the International Association have not yet officially announced a settlement of their differences, though it is stated that the Association will yield up a large slice of territory, France, of course, giving commensurate compensation. There is some fear lest Portugal should withdraw from the Conference, and thus render its labours abortive. Meanwhile England has obtained the reconsideration of the draft of the scheme for legalising future annexations, Sir Edward Malet very sensibly pointing out that the "annexation" and the "protection" of territory could hardly be treated on the same basis, and that the present declaration makes no distinction between the two. To turn to Teutonic home affairs, the Emperor has been very ill with a cold caught through attending the funeral of Prince Augustus of Württemberg. He had been able, however, to attend the Ordensfest of the Black Eagle on Saturday. The Prussian Landtag was reopened last week, but beyond a Ministerial statement giving a most flourishing account of Prussian finance, there is nothing of interest to record of its proceedings. In the Reichstag Prince Bismarck has been speaking on the Hours of Labour Bill, and has sharply rebuked the Liberals for opposing the increase in the corn duties. He objects to the proposal for the establishment of a normal working day. In the Reichstag the Naval Budget has been passed, and the Steamship Subsidy Bill has been vigorously discussed in Committee, Dr. Stephan, the Postmaster-General, earnestly advocating the establishment of a line to Eastern and Western Africa, though on grounds more connected with the recent development of German policy than with the present condition of the German export trade.

In FRANCE the chief home topic of interest has been the battle between Protectionists and Free Traders, which just now is raging somewhat fiercely. The Chambers will shortly discuss the enhanced import duties on foreign cattle and corn, while, on the other hand, the National Free Trade League held a large meeting on Sunday to protest against the measure, and carried a resolution, proposed by M. Léon Say, urging that the Bill should be energetically opposed, and declaring that "all additional customs duties must make living dearer, and increase the cost of production." There is little other home news, save that the elections of ninety Senators takes place to-morrow (Sunday), and that the Press has been chiefly occupied in discussing the French proposals for the Egyptian settlement, and Mr. Chamberlain's recent utterances, which are pronounced far more revolutionary than any which the most Radical of the French Ministers would venture to put forth. M. Clémenceau twits the French Cabinet with having their hands too full of foreign conquest and Colonial domination, and declares that, "were Jules Ferry to hear the English Minister proclaim the rights of man he would probably call him a spouter, and then sink back into the self-sufficiency of a petty bourgeois who aped the airs of a Richelieu."

PARIS has been saddened by the death of M. Edmond About, at the early age of fifty-seven. He had been ailing for two years, and his health had been still further undermined by worry connected with his journal, the *Dix Neuvième Siècle*, in which he had been bitterly attacking his former friends, the Opportunists. The latter stirred up the majority of the shareholders against him, and a trial at law was pending, while the Academy, to which he was elected a member in place of Jules Sandeau, had delayed his reception until the storm should have passed. His funeral, conducted with civil rites, took place on Tuesday, being numerously attended by all the chief members of French literary circles, eight discourses being made over his grave. Other Parisian items have been the first Opera masked ball of the season on Sunday, which was far more lively than usual, a new comedy by Alexandre Dumas at the Theatre Français, *Denise*, well acted, but with a plot verging on the bathetic-ludicrous—at least to an Englishman—the death of Norbert Ballerich, one of the brothers who attacked the staff of the *Cri du Peuple* last week, but who was shot by M. Quercy, the sub-editor, and the publication of an interesting volume, "Le Journal d'Un Officier d'Ordonnance," by the Comte d'Herisson, who tells the whole story of the escape of the Empress Eugénie in 1870, together with many other details of the Franco-German war and the defence of Paris, hitherto unpublished.

ITALY has been despatching her little expedition to Assab Bay, and it is now stated that a more important body of troops will be shortly despatched to occupy Zeila and Berbera, in consequence of an accord with England, "with whom," the *Riforma* adds, "many important combinations will be possible according to the development of events." Austria, who regarded the colonial expansion of Germany with calmness, is somewhat uneasy at the sudden advance of Italy in the same direction, and it was probably to allay her apprehensions that Signor Mancini protested against various exaggerated and painful reports to which the despatch of the Assab expedition had given rise. The North of Italy has been suffering from most severe snowstorms. The Mont Cenis tunnel is absolutely blocked; at Chiomonte the houses are overwhelmed with snow, nine avalanches having destroyed several villages; three villages in the Commune of Frassinio have also been buried under an avalanche.

SPAIN is still absorbed in the devastation and misery caused by the recent earthquakes, which do not yet appear to have altogether ceased, and the King has been indefatigable in visiting the chief

centres of distress and distributing relief. The railway traffic is interrupted owing to the heavy fall of snow, and it is said that so severe a winter has not been known for twenty years. Two sentinels were found frozen to death at Valladolid.

In INDIA the statement that Russia is only awaiting a favourable opportunity to seize Herat is exciting much comment, and the Government being strongly urged to send engineer officers thither to strengthen the defences and render it capable of maintaining a long resistance. The Ameer and Afghan people alike would offer no opposition to this, and Herat once made secure, it would matter little whether or no Russia took part in the Boundary Commission's work. Indeed, it is said that Sir Peter Lumsden has sent home proposals for seizing Herat should certain "contingencies" arise.

From SOUTH AFRICA there is little fresh. Mr. Kruger, President of the Transvaal, while on his way to meet Sir Charles Warren, addressed a meeting of Goshenites at Rooi Grond, and expressed a hope that peace would not be disturbed, and warned his hearers that any persons who attempted to create disorder would be severely dealt with. President Kruger was to meet Sir Charles Warren at Barkly this week, and the latter has asked him to appoint some persons to mark off the new Convention boundary.

Of MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS the Reichsrath in AUSTRIA are discussing repressive measures dealing with Socialist agitation, and enacting penalties against the criminal use of explosives.—In SWEDEN the Riksdag has been opened, the Speech from the Throne announcing the creation of a new Department of State for Trade, Manufactures, and Agriculture. The navy is also to be increased.—In GREECE the British Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. Nicholson, has been assaulted by a policeman. Ample apologies and reparation for the insult, however, have been made.—In RUSSIA Major-General Count Ignatieff has been appointed Governor-General of Eastern Siberia.—From the UNITED STATES comes news of further financial disasters, a great iron firm employing 4,000 men, Oliver Brothers, and Phillips, of Pittsburg, and a New York banking firm, John J. Cisco and Son, having failed.—The Bill prohibiting aliens from holding land in the United States has been referred back to Congress by the Public Lands Committee, with a recommendation that it should pass.—In CANADA the contractor for the Quebec Parliament building declares that he has proof that the recent explosion was the work of four persons, and that particulars of the plot would be found in O'Donovan Rossa's office.—An agreement has been arranged between COREA and JAPAN providing that Corea shall pay an indemnity of 500,000 taels. Japan is to place a garrison of 1,500 soldiers permanently in Seoul. The Korean authorities have issued a proclamation absolving Japan from all blame in connection with the recent outrage.—From AUSTRALIA we hear that the commodore on the station has hoisted the British flag on the eastern point of New Guinea and the adjoining Louisiades, Woodlark, and D'Entrecasteaux Islands.



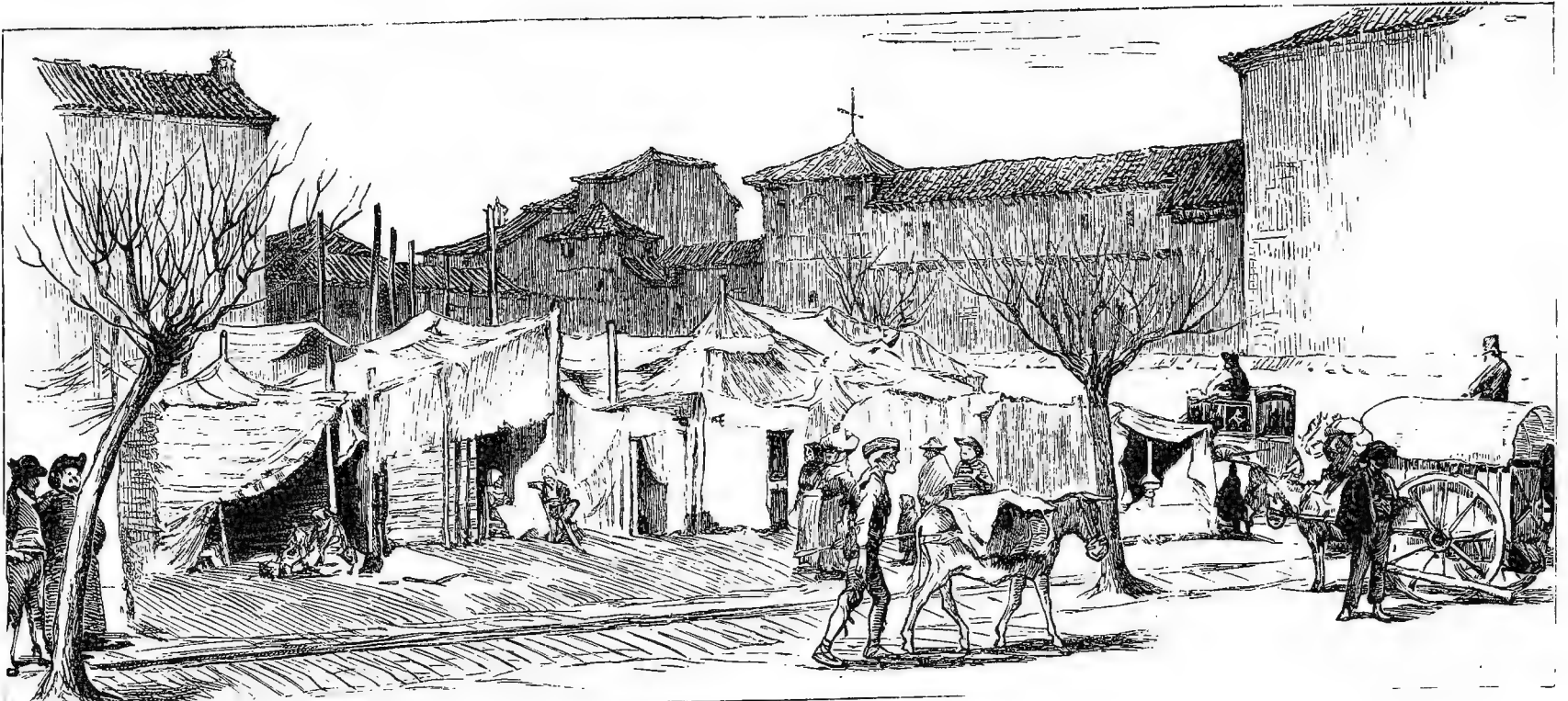
THE Royal circle in the Isle of Wight was joined on Saturday by Prince Albert Victor of Wales, who arrived from town on a visit to the Queen. Her Majesty gave a small dinner-party in his honour in the evening, when Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, Sir R. Collins, and the Rev. J. N. Dalton were the guests. Next morning the Queen, the Duchess of Albany, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Albert Victor attended Divine Service at Osborne, where the Rev. H. White officiated. The young Prince left Osborne on Monday for Cambridge, to resume his studies, while the Duchess of Albany and her two children left later in the morning on their return to Claremont. Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice will probably leave England for Germany about March the 30th, and after three weeks' absence will return in time to receive the Duke and Duchess of Connaught on their arrival from India.

The Prince of Wales returned to Sandringham from town on Saturday after attending in the morning two meetings of the British Museum Trustees. Later Count Piper, the Swedish and Norwegian Minister, arrived to stay till Monday. On Sunday the Prince and Princess with their family attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, where Canon Fleming preached.—Addresses to the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Prince Albert Victor are being prepared by various towns in commemoration of Prince Albert Victor's majority, while the young Prince has sent letters of thanks in reply to those addresses already received. He is to be made a Knight of St. Patrick at the forthcoming anniversary celebration, when he will probably visit Dublin for the installation. It is also stated that he will shortly visit the Courts of Copenhagen and Berlin, and will make an extensive tour through Europe, the United States, and Canada before settling down at home. Prince George, on leaving Greenwich College, will study for a short time at Heidelberg, and afterwards be appointed to a vessel in the Mediterranean Squadron.

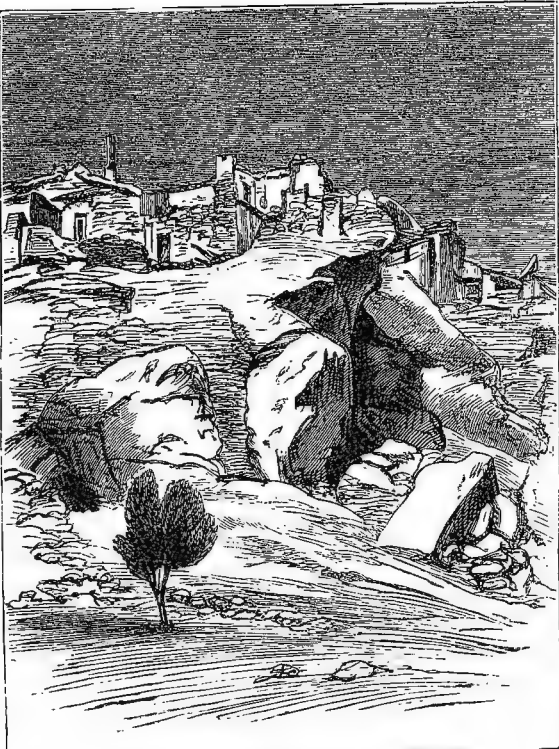
The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have returned to Eastwell Park.—Princess Christian assisted at a concert at the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, on Tuesday, in aid of the Sarah Acland Nurses' Home. The Princess played two pianoforte duets with Mr. W. Parratt, Organist of St. George's, Windsor.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught concluded their week's visit to Calcutta on Tuesday, and returned to Meerut after attending a grand ball.—The Crown Prince and Princess of Austria start next month on a lengthy foreign tour, first visiting Belgium and Holland, and going thence to Egypt and Greece.



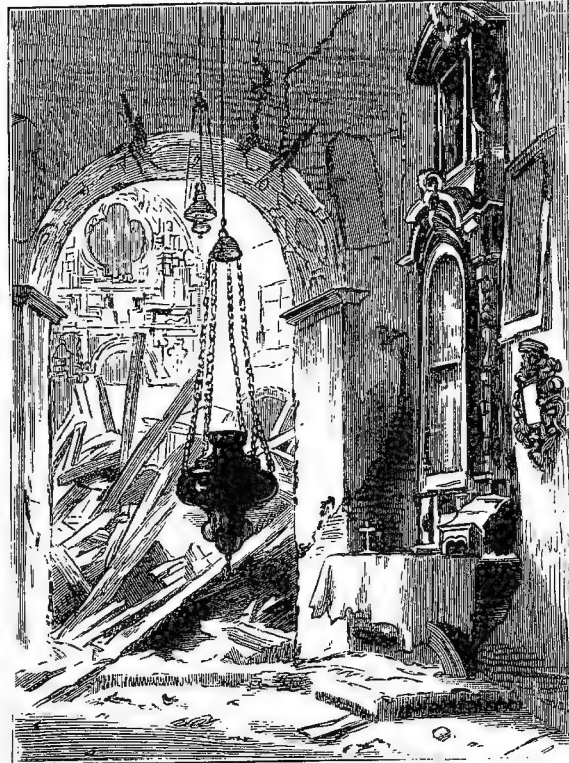
MASSNET'S "MANON."—At the Court Theatre, Liverpool, on Saturday, the Carl Rosa Company performed Mr. Joseph Bennett's English version of M. Massenet's opera, *Manon*. No criticism can, of course, be attempted now, but a brief description will be of interest. *Manon* was produced at the Paris Opéra Comique exactly a year ago, and the libretto is based upon the Abbé Prévost's famous romance, "*Manon Lescaut*," which has already formed the subject of a not altogether successful opera by Scribe and Auber. In the first act, amid choruses of postillions, guards, and travellers, we find the youthful Manon on her way to a convent, and under the escort of her wild-spirited cousin, Lescart. That worthy drinks till he is tipsy, and Manon, out of sheer devilry, elopes to Paris in a post-chaise with the Chevalier des Grieux. She is followed by Lescart, who indignantly demands satisfaction, but is quieted by the assurance of Des Grieux that he intends to marry her. Manon, however, causes her lover to be forcibly carried away by the servants of his father, and she elopes with an elderly beau. Afterwards, at a *fête* in the gardens of the Cours la Reine, she learns that Des Grieux is about to become a priest. But she visits him at



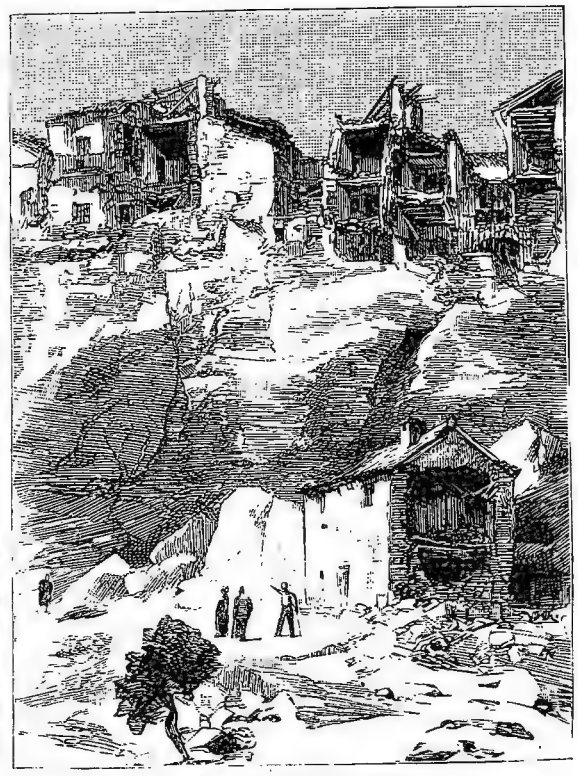
TEMPORARY DWELLINGS AT GRANADA



RUINS ON THE HILL, ALHAMA



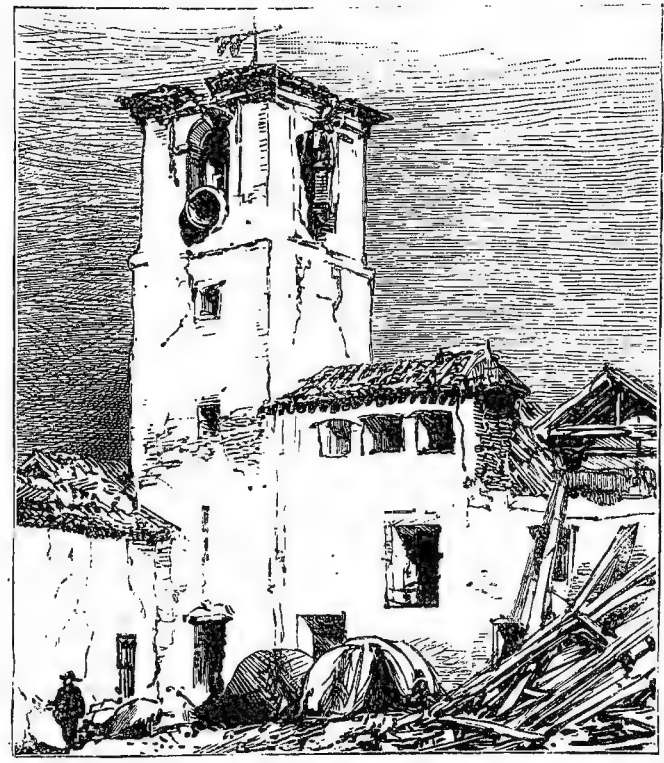
RUINED ARCHWAY, ALHAMA



RUINED HOUSES, ALHAMA



LA PLACA, ALBUNUELAS



RUINED HOUSES, ALBUNUELAS

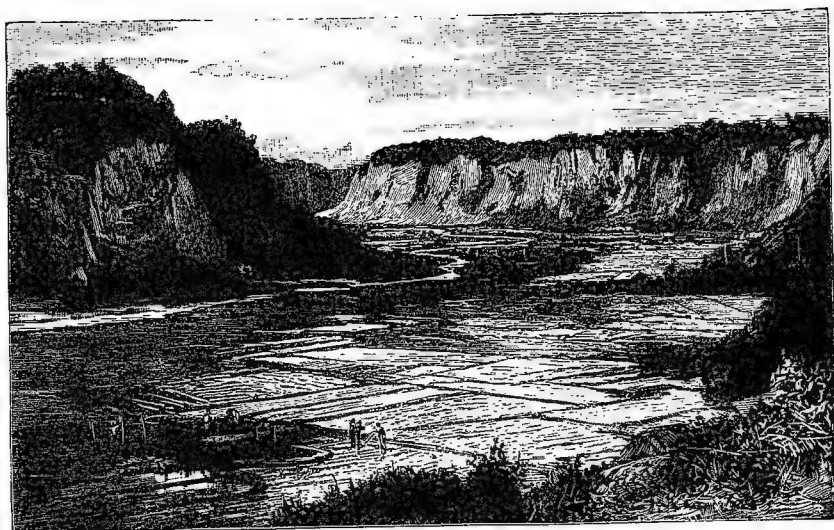


A STREET IN ALHAMA

THE EARTHQUAKE IN SPAIN



A MALAY KIGAH HOUSE



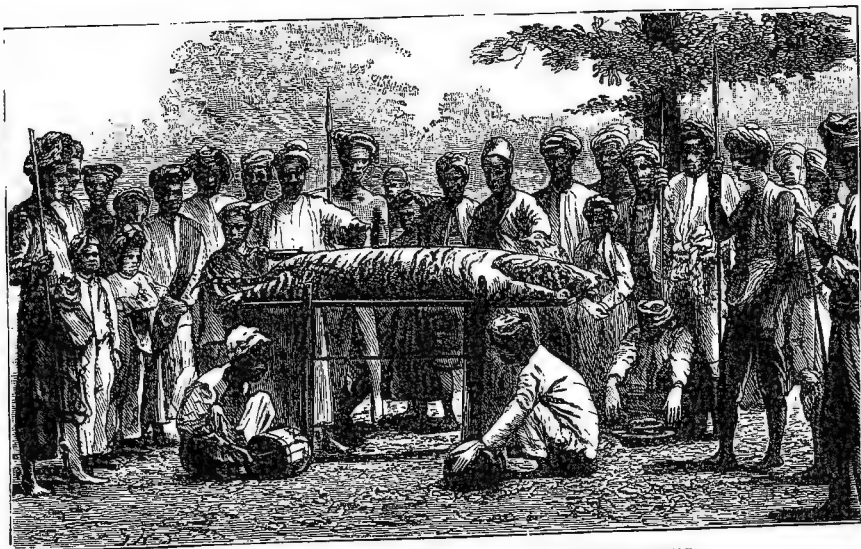
COBONG KRABO



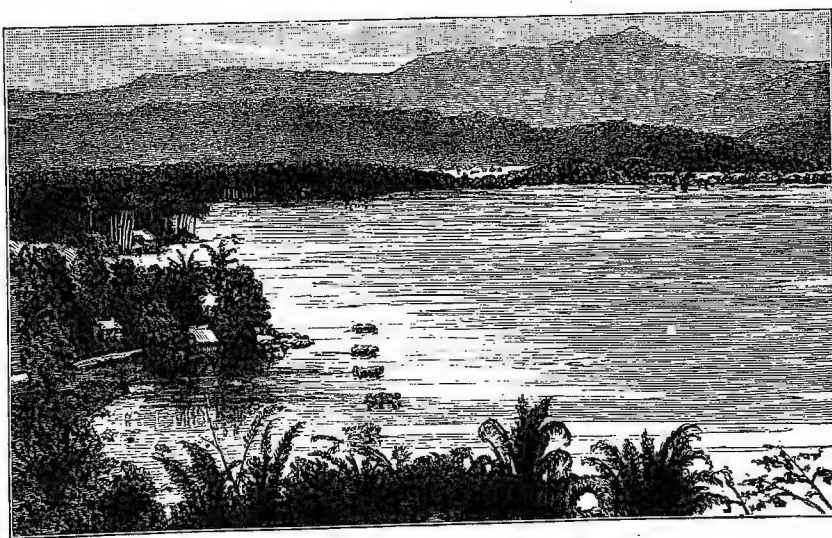
A GRANARY WHERE RICE IS KEPT AFTER THRESHING



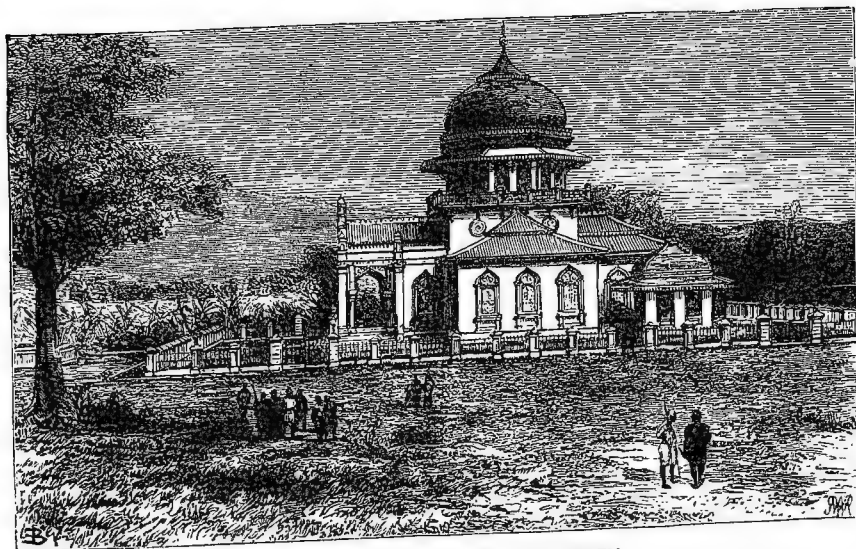
AN ASSEMBLY TO OFFER UP PRAYER AT THE MALAY NEW YEAR



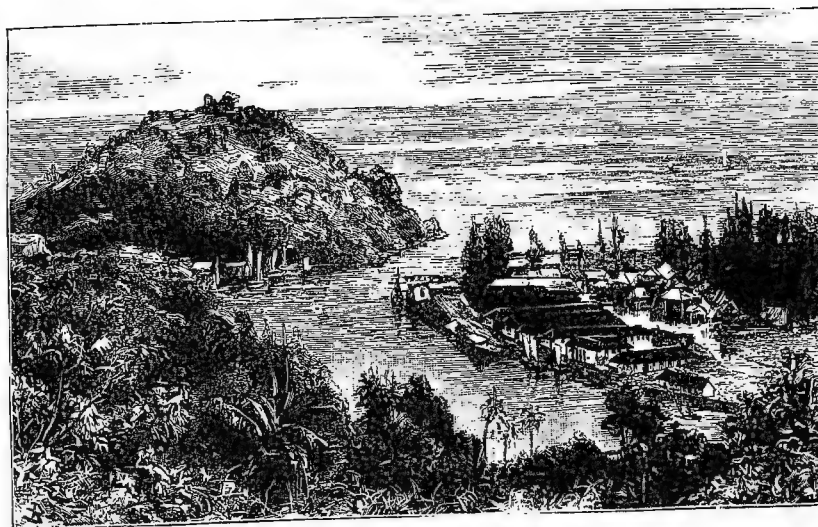
REJOICINGS AT THE DEATH OF A MAN-EATING TIGER



SOUTH END OF LAKE SINGHARAH



A GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT ACHEEN



PADANG, SHOWING THE ENTRANCE TO THE RIVER

JAVA AND SUMATRA, DUTCH EAST INDIES

the Seminary, and easily tempts him to escape with her. The next scene is in a fashionable gaming-house, where Manon persuades her elderly admirer to lose his money to Des Grieux. The police enter, and Manon is arrested. In the last scene Manon is on her way to Havre, where she is to be transported to America, but, after a passionate farewell to her lover, she dies on the road. Madame Marie Roze played the part of Manon, Mr. Barton McGuckin des Grieux, and Mr. Ludwig Lescaut. The opera will be performed at Easter at Drury Lane.

"BARBE BLEUE."—Offenbach's *Barbe Bleue*, the fifty-fifth in order of production of the ninety or more of Offenbach's stage works, was revived at the Comedy last week for a brief season. The opera was so recently given at the Avenue that little need now be said about it. Miss Florence St. John as Boulotte, Miss Lottie Venne as the Princess, and Mr. Bracy as Blue Beard, resume their old parts, Miss Dubois is now the Queen, Mr. Kelleher Prince Saphire, M. Marius Count Oscar, and Messrs. Leslie and Roberts are most amusing representatives of Popolani and the King. The ever-elfervescent music of the founder of *opéra bouffe* forms an agreeable contrast to the commonplace frippery of more recent productions.

POPULAR CONCERTS.—Herr Max Pauer, a son of the respected pianist and teacher, Herr Pauer, made his *début* at the Popular Concerts on Monday, electing to undertake no less imposing a task than the Sonata in A flat, Op. 110, of Beethoven. Herr Max Pauer has recently returned from a Continental training, but it may be taken for granted that his principal instructor was his father. At present little more can be said of the young pianist than that he plays with unerring accuracy, and is manifestly a follower of that sound school which aims less at the glorification of the player than at a proper rendering of the music according to what are believed to have been the intentions of the composer. Any special individuality of style can in Herr Max Pauer's case hardly yet be expected. The *début* was, however, entirely successful, and the new pianist was very warmly cheered by the audience. On Saturday the pianist was Madame Essipoff, who played, with Signor Piatti, Rubinstein's Sonata in D, Op. 18. But the chief attraction of the concert was doubtless the Haydn quartet, in which occur the variations on the Austrian National Anthem.

"THE UHLANS."—A new opera, libretto by W. M'Ivor Morison and music by Christina W. Morison, was produced on Monday at the Royalty Theatre, Glasgow, by Herr Groenings. The plot is a simple one. A couple of German students fall in love with the two pretty nieces of the Mayor of Prévillie, and they take advantage of the Franco-German War to disguise themselves as Uhlans, and carry off their lady-loves. The Mayor is deprived of his post on the fall of Napoleon III., and he is subsequently discovered as an organ-grinder. In this situation he manages to gain admittance to an assemblage of students, who impose a penalty of unlimited lager beer. Ultimately the Mayor recognises his nieces, now happily married to the students, and is forgiven. Mr. Lyall is the Mayor, the characters of the two nieces are of course safe in the hands of Madame Rose Hersee and Miss Nella Armstrong, and Messrs. Turner and Rooke are the two student Uhlans. Since the opera was first produced in Dublin last March a new song, "Cupid the Monarch," has been added for that popular artist, Madame Rose Hersee.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—The Sacred Harmonic Society performed on Friday (too late to notice this week), a mixed programme, which included Berlioz' *Childhood of Christ*. This work had only once before been heard in London, at a summer concert, about three years ago. At their next concert the Society will revive Handel's almost forgotten oratorio *Belshazzar*.—Madame Viard-Louis is continuing her Beethoven concerts at Prince's Hall, and her programme on Tuesday included the ever popular "Kreutzer" sonata, played by herself and Mr. Carrodus. At Wednesday's Ballad Concert, Sir Arthur Sullivan's songs were the chief feature of an interesting, but for the most part familiar, programme. Mr. Charles Wade took the place of Mr. Maas, who was suffering from hoarseness. At Glasgow Mr. Manns has revived Berlioz' gigantic *Messe des Morts*, and at Manchester Mr. Hallé has revived Rossini's *Moses in Egypt*. At a recital at Sherborne next week Mrs. Regan will revive Sterndale Bennett's too-seldom-heard chamber trio, Op. 26, and Beethoven's little-known piano quartet in D. This must not be confounded with the piano quartet which Beethoven adapted from his quintet for piano and wind. It is indeed one of the three piano quartets written in 1785, shortly after Beethoven began to study the violin with Franz Ries, and when he was little more than fourteen.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The summer season of French opera, with Miss Van Zandt in *Lakmé*, and perhaps Madame Galli Marié in *Carmen*, will take place at the Gaiety.—Dr. Hans Von Bülow has resigned the post of conductor of the Meiningen ducal orchestra, and will now resume his profession of pianist.—Mr. Brinley Richards proposes to give his lecture on "Welsh Music, Ancient and Modern," on Wednesday next, before the Society of Fine Arts.—Mr. George Mount, the well-known contra-bass player and conductor, has been appointed director of the music at the Alexandra Palace.—The Albert Palace, Battersea Park, will be opened with a new cantata from the pen of Mr. Caldicott.—Mr. Walter Bache proposes to perform the "Dante" Symphony at the Liszt Orchestral Concert at St. James's Hall next week.—It is said that the German choristers at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, struck on January 9 for an increase of pay. This being refused they left in a body, and *Masaniello*, with Herr Anton Schott, was performed without them.—The Glasgow Society of Musicians will, on the 29th ult., give a special entertainment in honour of Mr. August Manns.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

ONE of the most unequal volumes we have met with for some time is "The Log o' the *Norseman*," by J. W. Gilbert-Smith (Kegan Paul); the feeling on laying down the book is that it is so good in parts that it ought to have been better throughout. There can be no doubt that the author is placed at a disadvantage to some extent owing to the inevitable comparison which readers will be tempted to draw between the present work and "Childe Harold;" but, at the same time, we think that he is rather out of his element both in the form and the matter of his latest poem; satire, love songs, or tales of romance are more congenial to his muse than long passages of alternate description and moralising. The metre employed is somewhat irregular, inclining chiefly to Spenserian, but we cannot compliment Mr. Gilbert-Smith upon most of his Alexandrines, nor upon the lyrics with which the poem is interspersed, these latter being unfortunate in the rhythm adopted. It must not be supposed that there are not good passages; decidedly one of the best is the episode of St. Catherine of Genoa; but as a whole the poem must be pronounced a comparative failure, and we hope soon to meet with the author to greater advantage.

It would be tolerably safe to assume that had Mr. Burne Jones never painted and Mr. Swinburne never written, we should have heard nothing of "Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic," by Evelyn Douglas (Tribner); the influence of both artists is very apparent. Mr. Douglas is evidently a young man, and there is enough in his work, crude as much of it is, to encourage the expectation that with maturer powers he may produce something more worthy to live. There is no lack of fancy, nor of descriptive talent, in fact, the pictorial element in the poems is the first thing that strikes one; added to this they are almost invariably musical, and contain occasional flashes of dramatic force. But there are signs, in places, of a

paucity of resource, and more than one good piece is spoiled by errors of judgment. For instance, "Chopin" does not rhyme to "open," and a really fine poem, "Nitocris' Feast," has a last couplet worthy only of burlesque. "Eucharistia Mystic" and "The Golden City" are good, notwithstanding, in each case, a foolish ending which savours of affectation. Perhaps the most finished poem in the volume is "The Bride of Christ;" we should advise Mr. Douglas to write more in that strain, and to lay aside his recollections of a morbid and artificial paganism.

The circumstance of its production would in a great measure have disarmed criticism in the case of "Midas," by the late William Forster (Kegan Paul), even had its poetic merit been less; but, as a matter of fact, this is of a high order, and the poem, though somewhat prolix, may be read with considerable pleasure and interest. The Phrygian King is presented to us in the new light of a beneficent monarch, who craves his perilous boon only with the object of satisfying the clamorous demands of the people, and a good deal of the poem is devoted to argument *pro* and *con* touching the labour question and class differences; unfortunately this has a tendency to become rather monotonous, and the thoughts are rather those of the present day than of classic times. It must be admitted by all impartial readers that, though the words are placed in the mouth of a demagogue, there is much justice in the passage at page 41. In short, "Midas" must rank as a remarkable poem of its kind.



AGRICULTURAL PROSPECTS may be held to have improved since Christmas, the advance of 3s. to 4s. in wheat and of 1s. in spring corn being distinctly encouraging to farmers, while the inquiry, although now not so good as it was a fortnight ago, is still much more lively than it was in December. For barley there seems to be a progressively improving inquiry, while oats are selling well in retail at the bigger markets. New American maize is expected to compete somewhat severely with other cattle food this spring, still we do not apprehend any grave depression of values as likely to ensue from this cause. There is a little increase in the demand for potatoes which, all through the autumn, were so low that many growers used them for cattle feeding. The land is in a forward state, and the autumn-sown wheat looks well. A deficiency of seven inches and a half in the rainfall of 1884 has left the springs and rivers rather low, but not so low as might have been looked for. Imports of eggs poultry, and cheese have recently increased, but these are precisely the branches of agriculture wherein we have best hopes of seeing eventually a large development of home production.

LORD WALSHINGHAM'S SOUTHDOWNS.—In consequence of Mr. Wood's increased business on the Merton Estate, and his desire to be relieved from the management of the Merton Southdown sheep, Lord Walsingham has determined to discontinue exhibiting, and will sell the entire flock by public auction during the ensuing summer. The lambs bred during the present year will be sold by auction in 1886. This notification of the intention of one of the most famous of shorthorn breeders to retire from the showyard will be received with great regret far beyond the limits of his native county.

THE HERTFORDSHIRE CHAMBER OF AGRICULTURE have resolved by a substantial majority that it is desirable that the land should be relieved of a portion of local burdens by a transference of the rates from local to Imperial taxation, and that the amount thus transferred to the Imperial exchequer should be made good by an import duty on flour and other articles; also, that it is desirable that the tithes should be paid by the landlord, and that an immediate inquiry should be made into the causes of agricultural distress.

THE ESSEX AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—A general committee meeting of this Society was held last week at Chelmsford, Mr. James Round, M.P., presiding. It was decided to hold the next Annual Show at Waltham Abbey on the 4th and 5th of June. The annual accounts showed that the Society had at the commencement of the year a balance in hand of 360l., and 150l. had been invested in Consols. Mr. Bernard Dyer, analyst to the Devon and other county societies, was invited to place his services at the disposal of Essex farmers also, while Mr. R. K. Causton, M.P., was elected Vice-President of the Society, and several new members were added. Considering the present state of agriculture in Essex, where nearly 70,000 acres are now unoccupied, and rents are extraordinarily low, the position of the county Society must be regarded as unusually satisfactory.

SHIRE HORSES.—In announcing the sale of Mr. Walter Gilbey's shire horses on February 5th, at the Paddocks, Elsenham, Mr. Sexton remarks that the sale will comprise about forty lots from the extensive and first-class stud collected and bred by Mr. Gilbey during the last ten years. Of these twenty-two are three-year-olds, two-year-olds, and yearling fillies, twelve stallions, and six brood mares. Two famous prize winners, "Gay Spark" and "Shire King," are included in the catalogue, and the prices obtained may be expected to afford a good index to the present selling value of shire horses of the better class.

HACKNEY STUD BOOK SOCIETY.—The prize list of the Show of hackney cob and pony stallions, and mares, which is to be held at Islington on the 3rd and 4th of March, has been issued. There are nine classes open to the kind of animals mentioned, in which, with the two champion prizes, about 30l. is offered for competition. Besides this, the committee of management for thoroughbred stallions offer a first premium of 50l. and silver medal; and a second premium of 25l. and silver medal for thoroughbred horses, suitable for hunter stallions, which have not been previously used for stud purposes; and 100l. and gold medal as one premium; two premiums of 50l. and a silver medal each; and two others of 25l. and a silver medal each for thoroughbred stallions suitable for getting hunters, and which have been used for stud purposes. All further particulars can be had of Mr. H. F. Euren, Norwich, whose energy in promoting these horse shows has earned the thanks of all horse breeders throughout the country.

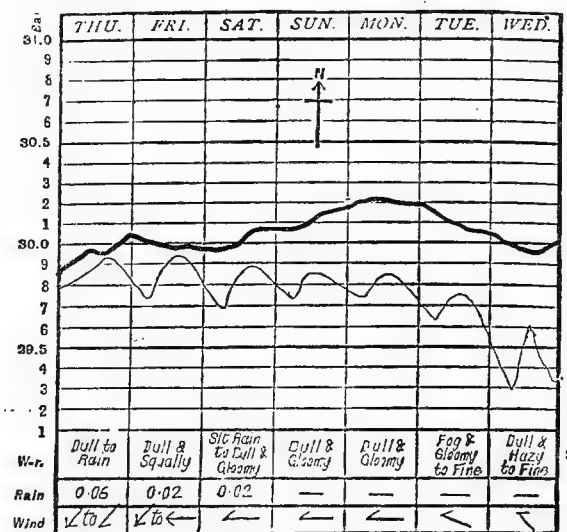
THE HEALTH OF IRISH CATTLE.—Alike for the sake of English buyers and of Irish breeders and sellers, it is a great pity that the health of Irish cattle cannot be better secured than it is at present. Mr. Clare Sewell Read says:—"Lord Spencer's emphatic contradiction of the report of the death of several cattle from pleuro-pneumonia at the Government Farm, near Dublin, will be a great satisfaction to the farmers of Norfolk, but it would have been still more satisfactory if the Lord Lieutenant had been able to add that all the cattle herded with the diseased cows had also been slaughtered. Professor Baldwin, the late manager of the Glasnevin Farm, strongly recommends such action, and it would be well for the Irish Government to show the local authorities the best mode of stamping out this fatal disease. I learn from a veterinary surgeon of high standing in Dublin, that the dairy yards of that city are still hotbeds of pleuro-pneumonia, and as nearly 700,000 cattle passed through the port of Dublin last year, that may account for some of the recent outbreaks among newly imported Irish cattle in Norfolk. The agricultural interest is making a dead set against the importation

of store cattle from the North-west of America, lest they should bring us pleuro-pneumonia. And we are submitting to all sorts of reductions, and going to no end of expense to get rid of these foreign diseases, yet we have more lung disease in Irish cattle now than for many years past."

GLAMORGANSHIRE CATTLE.—A correspondent from Pembroke sends us the following correction:—"The cattle lately bought by the Duke of Beaufort were not of the Gloucester breed, but of a breed almost extinct, that of the small and beautiful old Glamorganshire race of cattle, which now we may hope will be revived."

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—Throughout the past week the weather has been cold and gloomy over the greater part of the country. Strong and searching north-easterly winds occurred over Ireland and England during the early portion of the period, accompanied by cold showers at our eastern and south-eastern stations, while feeble breezes and dry weather prevailed towards the latter part of the time. Pressure at the commencement of the week was highest over the more northern parts of our islands, but after Friday (16th inst.) the central area of highest readings became established over southern Scandinavia, while large systems of relatively low readings were found over the Mediterranean and to the westward of the British Islands. Gradients for strong north-easterly winds prevailed at first over the southern half of the United Kingdom, and after extending to the northerly districts, while the wind shifted more to the eastward, they finally fell very slight, and a light south-easterly current was experienced. Fair weather occurred over Ireland and on our south-western coasts for a short time, but elsewhere continuously gloomy skies prevailed. Temperature has been below the average in all places, especially over Ireland and the extreme south of England. The lowest minimum reading of the week, however (11°), was registered at Nairn this (Wednesday) morning. The barometer was highest (30.23 inches) on Monday (16th inst.); lowest (29.88 inches) on Thursday (17th inst.); range, 0.35 inches. The thermometer was highest (39°), on Thursday (17th inst.) and Friday (16th inst.); lowest (26°) on Wednesday (21st inst.); range, 13°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.10 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.06 inches on Thursday (15th inst.).

SUNDRIES.—"Street's Indian and Colonial Mercantile Directory" (Street and Co., 30, Cornhill). This is the tenth issue of an excellently-compiled work, which, as the colonies grow yearly in importance, is becoming more and more indispensable to business men and others. It contains an account (with maps) of each colony and its chief towns, and of all the leading professional and commercial residents of these towns. A quantity of other miscellaneous information of a very useful character is also given.—"The People's Political Almanack" (W. B. Whittingham and Co., 91, Gracechurch Street) is a sheet almanack, embellished with a good portrait of the late Mr. Fawcett, and containing much statistical information of a character calculated to strengthen the reader's faith in the cause of Liberalism.—"Billiards Simplified" is a little manual published by Messrs. Burroughes and Watts, of Soho Square, whose name is a guarantee for sound instruction in this fascinating pastime. The writer remarks in his preface that one of the best ways to learn billiards is to watch high-class play, and he offers his book with the view of enabling amateurs to practise in private what they have seen in public. Then follow the instructions, illustrated by sixty diagrams showing the actual play of the great champions of the cue.—"The Era Almanack" is a calendar *sui generis*, and one that we always peruse with pleasure. Besides the usual information and theatrical tales and anecdotes, Mr. Edward Ledger this year gives us a series of facsimile reproductions of letters by deceased performers of celebrity, and also eight views of provincial theatres as they were a hundred years ago. We always look with a melancholy interest at the obituary of the year. It contains among others the names of Miss Bessie Bonehill (a favourite music-hall *artiste*), of Mr. H. J. Byron, Mr. Joseph Eldred, Mdle. Fanny Elssler, Mr. R. H. Horne, Miss Marie Litton; the Giantess "Marian" (only eighteen!) Miss Rachel Sanger, Madame Tagliani, Miss Jessie Vokes, and Mrs. Alfred Wigan.—"Low's Handbook to the Charities of London" (S. Low and Co.). The new edition of this well-known and useful little handbook is edited by Mr. Charles Mackeson, whose name is a guarantee for painstaking accuracy.—"Who's Who? for 1885" (A. H. Baily and Co.). We have nothing fresh to say about this meritorious little manual, which continues to pack a world of information into a small wallet, and, as heretofore, delights our souls by telling us the age of everybody who is anybody.—On a series of cards, contained in a neat case, Mr. L. Upcott Gill, of 170, Strand, has printed a succession of progressive lessons in skating. The idea is that the would-be skater should study these while actually on the ice. We should like to try the experiment in person, but thus far this winter, owing to the uncertainty of the weather, there has been no opportunity in the South of England.—A simple but ingenious means of saving immersed skaters from drowning is patented by the Holmes' Marine Life Protection Association, 8, Great Winchester Street, E.C. It consists of a plaited blue cord of great strength, twenty-seven feet long with weighted tassels of lead at each end. When plaited the rope is worn round the waist as a girdle. If the ice breaks under a skater a companion wearing the girdle can undo it by a pull, and cast one of the weighted ends to the man in danger.—All young persons ought to learn dancing, and in these days, when the waltz occupies such a prominent position in ball-room programmes, a knowledge of that fascinating dance is indispensable. Mr. Edward Scott, of 6, Compton Terrace, Brighton, has published (Hart and Co., 22, Paternoster Row) a little manual on "The Art of Waltzing," the instructions in which (aided by diagrams) appears to be as clear as any written directions can be, and will certainly facilitate the learner's progress even if he or she has the advantage of taking lessons. Mr. Scott's prefatory remarks on ball-room behaviour should be carefully studied by all young ladies and gentlemen. They are thoroughly sensible, and, if laid to heart, will make dancing parties much more enjoyable than they often are.



THEATRES

WHAT demon first whispered to Mrs. Langtry that it would be well to make her reappearance in London in a version of *La Princesse George*, by Alexandre Dumas the Younger, does not appear. The choice was any way an unfortunate one. For reasons easily to be understood, this comedy, or rather drama, of domestic infelicity was, on the occasion of its first performance at the Gymnase thirteen years ago, barely saved from vigorous condemnation by the powerful acting of the late Mlle. Desclée; though the gossip of the time affirmed that a certain costume of black satin thickly covered with embroidered flowers, worn by Mlle. Pierson in the part of the profligate and fascinating decoy of the Princess's worthless husband, was hardly less potent in its mitigating influences. It was, as a distinguished critic has affirmed, a robe *d'une grande elegance et pourtant étrange*, and as such well qualified to sustain, for a limited time at least, the curiosity of the Parisians. Beyond these things the piece had little to commend it. The story is a sort of common-place idyll of a nineteenth-century Griselda, who slighted, wronged, insulted, and plundered by a mean and thoroughly worthless husband, yet clings to this unattractive personage with a perseverance entailing a total sacrifice of personal dignity. When, in the end, she shelters the man who is about to desert her

from the jealous fury of his mistress's husband, and with difficulty saves him from being shot dead, the spectators are left to suppose that at last the wrong-doer is brought to a sense of his wife's claims upon his love and forbearance; but the descent of the curtain on this lachrymose but unafflicting situation leaves only a sense of disappointment at finding that persistent and deliberate indulgence of selfish passions at the expense of the peace of mind of a loving and devoted wife escapes altogether from its natural punishment. Mrs. Langtry's personal charm, heightened by her magnificent succession of costumes, necessarily serves rather to aggravate, than to diminish, the sum total of the Prince's offences. It may be that a sense of the unreality of the situation paralysed her efforts; but certainly Mrs. Langtry has rarely been seen to less advantage than in the part of the feeble-willed and vacillating Princess. Her occasional outbursts of womanly dignity and injured pride failed to retrieve in any marked degree the faults of the conception, chiefly from a lack of force not hitherto wanting—or certainly not hitherto so conspicuously wanting. It must be confessed that Mr. Coghlan's calm and deliberate manner, and his tendency to assume the airs of the injured party in his matrimonial differences, seemed rather to heighten the feeling of the spectators that they had lighted upon a land where, as in Laman Blanchard's fantastic story, a sort of moral topsy-turvydom had taken the place of old-fashioned notions of right and wrong; and where it is the business of the aggressor to pardon, and of the meek and uncomplaining to be humbled and thankful when their persecutors cease to inflict upon them unmerited sufferings. *Princesse George* is nobly put upon the stage, and it is supported by a strong company, including, besides those mentioned, Miss Amy Roselle, Miss Kate Pattison, Mr. Everill, Mr. Smedley, Mrs. Billington, and Miss Rosina Philippi.

The long-expected revival of *As You Like It* at the St. James's will take place this (Saturday) evening.

Miss Ada Cavendish made her first appearance since her recent severe illness at the OLYMPIC Theatre, on Wednesday evening, as the heroine of a drama in three acts, written by Mr. Quinton, and entitled *In His Power*. Of this piece, which has not hitherto been played in London, and which was very favourably received, we reserve till next week a detailed notice.

For some unexplained reason Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft are said to have abandoned their intention of reviving Mr. Boucicault's *Old Heads and Young Hearts*.

A new play, written by Mr. Herman Merivale, and entitled *The Whip Hand*, was represented for the first time by Miss Fanny Josephs and Mr. Garthorne's company at the THEATRE ROYAL, Cambridge, on Wednesday evening.

The Theatre of Life is the title of Mr. Sims's new romantic domestic drama in preparation at the ADELPHI. It will be produced on the 21st of next month.

Mr. Frederick Burgess's Twentieth Annual Day and Night Fête will take place in St. James's Great Hall in the afternoon and evening of Tuesday next, Jan. 27. As usual on these occasions, a number of the leading theatrical stars will make their appearance.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt and her creditors are again providing food for Paris gossip. Although the famous actress makes 60*l.* nightly by playing Théodora, hitherto she has not been allowed to touch a penny of the money, the whole receipts being taken by the creditors. So she has brought the matter into Court, and for the future will be allowed to keep 24*l.* for herself at every performance.

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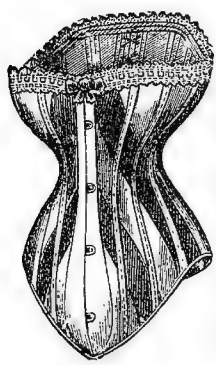
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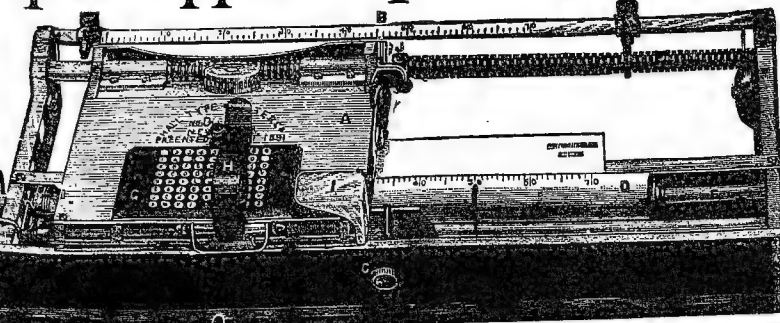
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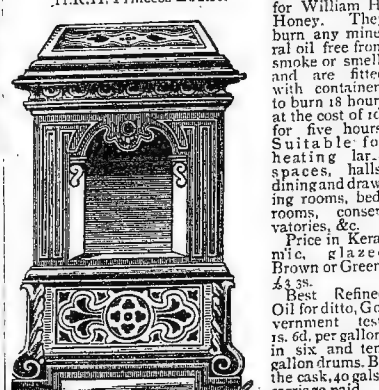
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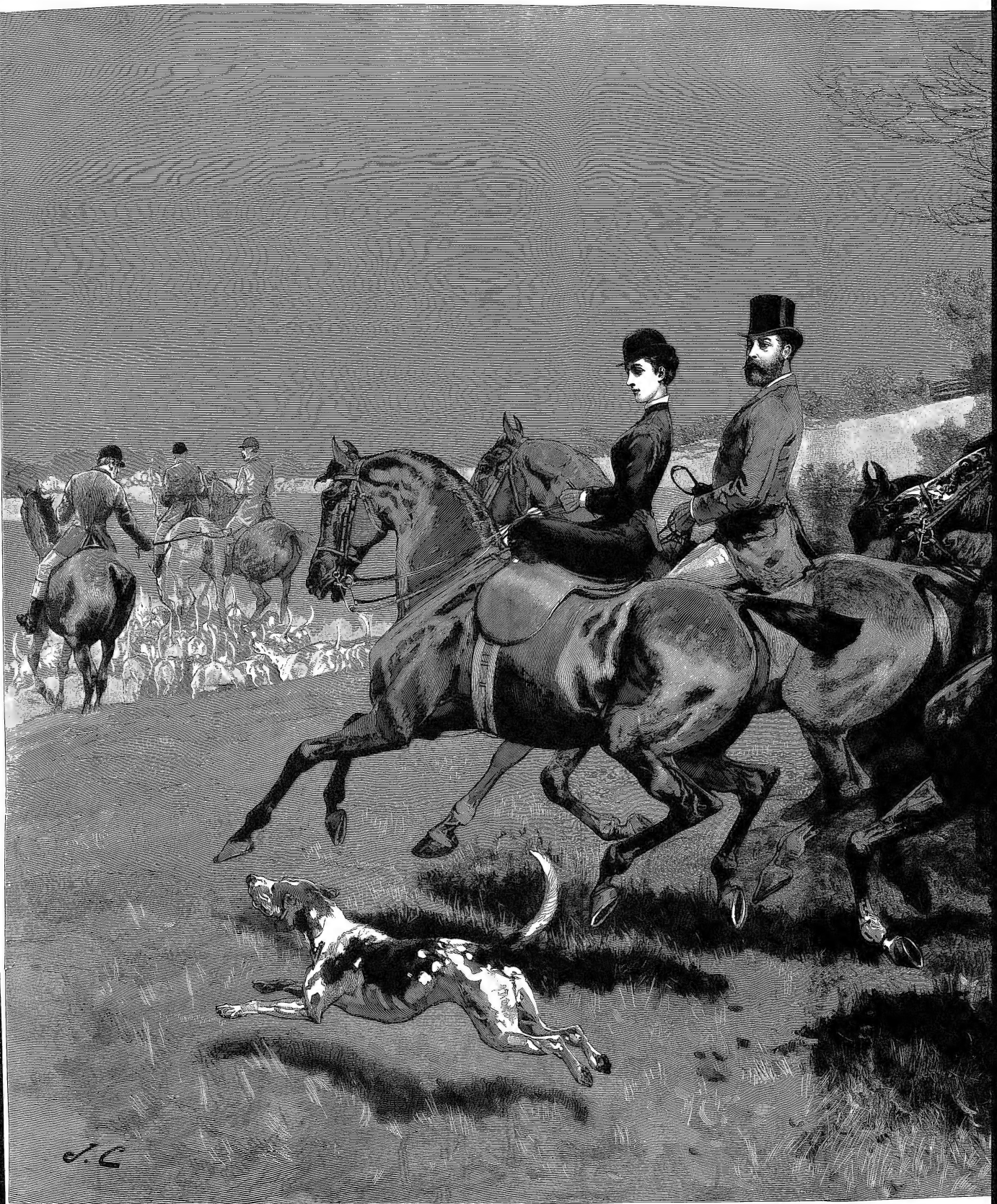
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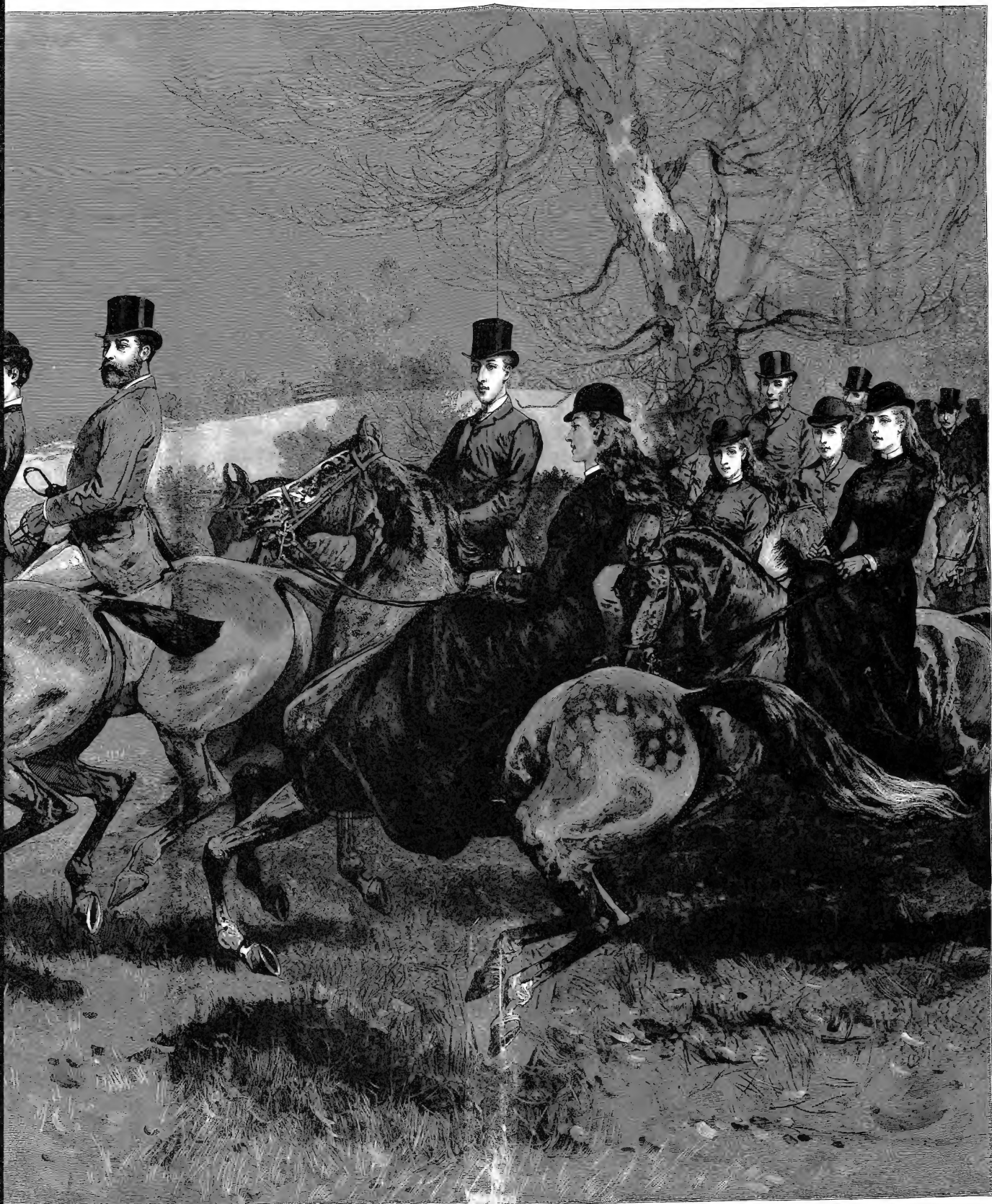
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MATT: A NOVEL.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," &C., &C.

CHAPTER VII.

MATT GROWS MATRIMONIAL

THAT night the young man of the caravan had curious dreams, and throughout them all moved, like a presiding fairy, Matt of Avertaw. Sometimes he was wandering on stormy shores, watching the wrecks of mighty argosies; again, he was in mysterious caverns, beneath the ground, searching for and finding buried treasure; still again, he was standing on the decks of storm-tossed vessels, while the breakers thundered close at hand, and the bale-fires burned on lonely headlands. But at all times, and in all places, Matt was his companion.

And curiously enough, Matt in his dream was very different to the Matt of waking reality: taller and brighter—in fact, as beautiful as a vision can be; so that his spirit was full of a strange sensation of love and pity, and the touch of the warm little hand filled his imagination with mysterious joy. So vivid did this foolish dream become at last, that he found himself seated on a sunny rock by the sea, by Matt's side; and he was talking to her like a lover, with his arm around her waist; and she turned to him, with her great eyes fixed on his, and kissed him over and over again, so passionately that he awoke!

It was blowing hard, and the rain was pelting furiously on the roof of the caravan. He tried to go to sleep again, but the face of Matt (as he had seen it in his dream) kept him for a long time awake.

"Now, young man," he said to himself, "this is idiotic. In the first place, Matt is a child, not a young woman; in the second place, she is a vulgar little thing, not a young lady; in the third place, you ought to be ashamed of yourself for thinking of sentiment at all in such a connection. Is your brain softening, youngster? or are you labouring under the malign influence of William Jones? The kiss you gave to this unsophisticated daughter of the desert was paternal, or say, amicable; it was a very nice kiss, but it has no right to make you dream of stuff and nonsense."

But the influence of the dream was over him, and in that half-sleeping, half-waking state, he felt like a boy in love. He found himself calculating the age of his own friend. Let him see! it was fifteen years since, in her own figurative expression, she "came ashore" and the question remained, how old was she on that interesting occasion? As far as he could make out from her

appearance, she could not be more than sixteen. For a damsel of that age, her kiss was decidedly precocious.

At last he tumbled off again, and dreamed that Matt was a young lady of beautiful attire and captivating manners to whom he was "engaged;" and her speech, strange to say, was quite poetical and refined; and they walked together, hand in hand, to a country church on a green hillside, and were just going to enter, when who should appear upon the threshold but Mr. Monk of Monkshurst? But they passed him by, and stood before the altar, where the parson stood in his white robes, and when the parson asked aloud whether any one saw any just cause or impediment why the pair should not be joined in holy matrimony, the same Monk stepped forward with Mephistophelian smile, and cried, "Yes, I do!" On which the young man awoke again in agitation, to find that it was broad daylight, and a fine fresh summer morning.

Whom should he find waiting for him when he had dressed himself and stepped from the house on wheels but Matt herself? Yes, there she was, as wild and quaintly-attired as ever, quite unlike the ethereal individual of his dreams; but for all that her smile was like sunshine, and her eyes as roguish and friendly as ever.

Conscious of his dream he blushed while greeting her with a friendly nod.

"Well, Matt? Here again, eh?" he said; adding to himself, "This won't do at all, my gentleman; if the young person continues to appear daily, the caravan will have to 'move on.'"

Matt had evidently something on her mind. After looking at Brinkley thoughtfully for some minutes, she exclaimed abruptly:—"William Jones don't like you neither. No more does William Jones's father."

"Dear me!" said the young man. "I'm very sorry for that." "He says—William Jones says—you're come here prying and spying. Do you?"

"My dear Matt," replied the young man lightly, "I come here as a humble artist, seeking subjects for my surpassing genius to work upon. If it is prying and spying to attempt to penetrate into the beauties of Nature—both scenic, animal, and human—I fear I must plead guilty; but otherwise—"

She interrupted him with an impatient exclamation, accompanied by a hitch of her pretty shoulders.

"Don't talk like that; for then I know you're chaffing. Talk serious, and I'll tell you something."

"All right. I'll be serious as a parson. Go ahead!"

"Mr. Monk of Monkshurst wants to marry me. He said so to William Jones."

The information was delivered with assumed carelessness; but after it was given, Matt watched the effect of it upon the hearer with precocious interest. Brinkley opened his eyes in very natural amazement.

"Come, come, Matt; you're joking."

"No, I ain't. It's true."

"But you're only a child—a very nice child, I admit—but to talk of holy matrimony in such a connection is—excuse my frankness—preposterous. People don't marry little girls."

But Matt did not consent to this proposition at all. "I ain't a little girl," she affirmed with a decisive nod of the head. "I'm sixteen, and I'm grown up."

The young man was amused, and could not refrain from laughing heartily. But the girl's brow darkened as she watched him, and her under lip fell as if she would like to cry.

"If you go on laughing," she said, "I'll run straight back home, and never come here no more."

"Well, I'll try to keep my countenance; but the idea is very funny. Really, now? Don't you see it in that light yourself?"

Certainly Matt did not, to judge from the expression of her face. She turned her head away; and Brinkley saw, to his surprise, that a tear was rolling down her cheek.

"Come, Matt," he said kindly; "you mustn't take this so seriously. Tell me all about it—there's a good girl."

"I will—if you won't laugh."

"I won't then—there."

"Well, when I was lying in my bed this morning, I heard William Jones a-talking to some one. He thought I was asleep, but I got up and listened, and I heard Mr. Monk's voice; and he said, says he, 'She's over sixteen years old, and I'll marry her;' and William Jones said, 'Lord, Mr. Monk; what can you be a-thinking about? Matt ain't old enough; and, what's more, she ain't fit to be the wife of a fine gentleman.' Then Mr. Monk he stamped with his foot, like he does when he's in a passion, and he said, says he, 'My mind's made up, William Jones, and I'm going to marry her before the year's out; and I don't care how soon.' Then I heard them moving about, and I crept back to bed and pretended to be fast asleep."

The young man's astonishment increased. There could be no doubt of the veracity and sincerity of the speaker; and the story

she told was certainly puzzling. Brinkley made up his mind, without much reflection, that if Mr. Monk wanted to go through the marriage ceremony with that child, he had some special and mysterious reason for so doing; unless—which was scarcely possible—he was of a sentimental disposition, and, in the manner of many men advanced towards middle age, was enamoured of Matt's youth and inexperience.

"Tell me, Matt," said Brinkley, after pondering the matter for some minutes; "tell me how long have you known this Mr. Monk?"

"Ever since I come ashore," was the reply.

"Humph!—is he well-to-do?—rich?"

Matt nodded emphatically.

"All Abertaw belongs to him," she said; "and the woods up there, and the farms, and the horses up at the big house, and—everything."

"And though he is such a great person he is very friendly with William Jones?"

"O yes," answered Matt; "and I think William Jones is afraid of him—sometimes; but he gives William Jones money for keeping me."

"Oh, indeed! He gives him money, does he? That's rather kind of him, you know."

At this Matt shook her head with great decision, but said nothing. Greatly puzzled, the young man looked at her, and mused. It was clear that there was a mystery somewhere, and he was getting interested. Presently, he invited Matt to sit down on the steps of the caravan, and he placed himself at her side. He was too absorbed in speculation to notice how the girl coloured and brightened as they sat there together.

"You have often told me that you came ashore," he said, after a long pause. "I should like to know something of how it happened. I don't exactly know what this 'coming ashore' means. Can you explain?"

"I don't remember," she replied, "but I know there was a ship, and it went to pieces, and I floated to shore in a boat, or something."

"I see—and William Jones found you?"

"Mr. Monk, he found me, and gave me to William Jones to keep."

"I begin to understand. Of course, you were very little—a baby, in fact."

"William Jones says I could just talk some words, and that when he took me home I called him 'Papa.'"

"What was the name of the ship? Have you ever heard?"

"No," said Matt.

"Did you come ashore all alone? It is scarcely possible!"

"I came ashore by myself. All the rest was drowned."

"Was there no clue to who you were? Did nothing come ashore besides to show them who you were, or where you came from?"

Matt shook her head again. Once more the young man was lost in meditation. Doubtless, it was owing to his abstraction of mind that he quietly placed his arm round Matt's waist, and kept it there. At first Matt went very red, then she glanced up at his face, and saw that his eyes were fixed thoughtfully on the distant sandhills. Seeing he still kept silence, she moved a little closer to him, and said very quietly:

"I didn't tell William Jones that you—kissed me!"

Brinkley started from his abstraction, and looked at the girl's blushing face.

"Eh? What did you say?"

"I didn't tell William Jones that you kissed me!"

These words seemed to remind the young man of the position of his arm; for he hastily withdrew it. Then the absurdity of the whole situation appeared to return upon him, and he broke into a burst of boyish laughter—at which his companion's face fell once more. It was clear that she took life seriously, and dreaded sarcasm.

"Matt," he said, "this won't do! This won't do at all!"

"What won't do?"

"Well—*this*!" he answered, rather ambiguously. "You're awfully young, you know—quite a girl, although, as you suggested just now, and, as you probably believe, you may be 'grewed up.' You must—ha!—you must look upon me as a sort of father, and all that sort of thing."

"You're too young to be my father," answered Matt, ingenuously.

"Well, say your big brother. I'm interested in you, Matt, very much interested, and I should really like to get to the bottom of the mystery about you; but we must not forget that we're—well, almost strangers, you know. Besides," he added, laughing again cheerily, "you are engaged to be married, some day, to a gentleman of fortune."

Matt sprang up, with heaving bosom and flashing eyes.

"No, I ain't!" she said. "I hate him!"

"Hate the beautiful Monk of Monkshurst! Monk the beneficent! Monk the sweet-spoken! Impossible!"

"Yes, I hate him," cried Matt; "and—and—when he kissed me, it made me sick."

"What, did he? Actually? Kissed you?"

As he spoke, the young man actually felt that he should like to assault the redoubtable Monk.

"Yes, he kissed me—once. If he kisses me again, I'll stick something into him, or scratch his face."

And Matt looked black as thunder, and set her pearly teeth angrily together.

"Sit down again, Matt!"

"I shan't—if you laugh."

"O, I'll behave myself. Come!"—and he added as she returned to her place, "Did it make you sick when I kissed you?"

He was playing with fire. The girl's face changed in a moment, her eyes melted, her lips trembled, and all her expression became inexpressibly soft and dreamy. Leaning gently towards him, she drooped her eyes, and then, seeing his hand resting on his knee, she took it in hers, and raised it to her lips.

"I should like to marry you," she said, and blushing, rested her cheek against his shoulder!

Now, our hero of the caravan was a true-hearted young fellow, and a man of honour, and his position had become extremely embarrassing. He could no longer conceal from himself the discovery that he had made an unmistakable impression on Matt's unsophisticated heart. Hitherto he had looked upon her as a sort of *enfant terrible*, a very rough diamond; now he realised, with a shock of surprise and self-reproach, that she possessed, whether "grewed up" or not, much of the susceptibility of grown-up young ladies. It was clear that his duty was to disenchant her as speedily as possible, seeing that the discovery of the hopelessness of her attachment might, if delayed, cause her no little unhappiness.

In the mean time he suffered her to nestle to him. He did not like to shake her off roughly, or to say anything unkind. He glanced round into her face; the eyes were still cast down, and the cheeks were suffused with a warm, rich light, which softened the great freckles and made her complexion look, according to the image which suggested itself to his mind, like a nice ripe pear. She was certainly very pretty. He glanced down at her hands which rested in her lap, and again noticed that they were unusually delicate and small. Her foot, which he next inspected, he could not criticise, for the boots she wore would have been a good fit for William Jones. But the whole outline of her figure, in spite of the hideous attire she wore, was fine and symmetrical, and altogether—

His inspection was interrupted by the girl herself. Starting as if from a delightful trance, she sprang to her feet and cried:—

"I can't stop no longer. I'm going."

"But the picture, Matt?" said Brinkley, rising also. "Shan't I finish it to-day?"

"I can't wait. William Jones wants to send me a message over to Pencroes, and if I don't go, he'll scold."

"Very well, Matt."

"But I'll come," she said smiling, "to-morrow; and I'll come in my Sunday clothes, somehow."

"Don't trouble. On reflection, I think you look nicer as you are."

She lifted up her hat from the ground, and still hesitated as she put it on.

"Upon my word," cried the artist; "those Welsh hats are very becoming. Good-bye, Matt."

She took his outstretched hand and waited an instant, with her warm, brown cheek in profile temptingly near his lips. But he did not yield to the temptation, and after a moment's further hesitation in which I fear she betrayed some little disappointment, Matt released her hand and sprang hurriedly away.

"Upon my word," muttered the young man, as he watched her figure receding in the distance, "the situation is growing more and more troublesome! I shall have to make a clean bolt of it, if this goes on. Fancy being caught in a flirtation with a wild ocean waif, a child of the wilderness, who never even heard of Lindley Murray? Really, it will never do!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DEVIL'S CAULDRON

IT so happened that the young man of the caravan had two considerable faults. The first fault my reader has, no doubt, already guessed: he was constitutionally lazy. The second fault will appear more clearly in the sequel: he was, also, constitutionally inquisitive. Now, his laziness was of that not uncommon kind which is capable of a great deal of activity, so long as that activity is unconscious, and not realised as being in the nature of *work*; and its possessor, therefore, would frequently, in his idle way, bestir himself a good deal; whereas, if he had been ordered to bestir himself, he would have yawned and resisted. Here his other constitutional defect came in, and set him prying into matters which in no way seriously concerned him. A little time before the period of his present excursion, when he was studying law in Dublin, and rapidly discovered that he loved artistic amateurship much better, he had often been known to work terribly hard at "cases" in which his curiosity was aroused; and I may add in passing that he had shown on these occasions an amount of shrewdness which would have made him an excellent lawyer, if his invincible objection to hard work, *quod* work, had not invariably interfered.

No sooner was he left to his own meditations, which the faithful Tim (who had fortunately been away on a foraging expedition during the episode described in my last chapter) was not at hand to disturb, than our young gentleman began puzzling his brains over the curious information she had given him. The facts, which he had no reason to question, ranged themselves under four heads:—

(1) Matt had been cast ashore, fifteen years previously, at an age when she could pronounce the word "Papa." It followed as a rational argument that she had been, say, one year old, or thereabouts.

(2) Mr. Monk had found her, and given her into the care of William Jones, and had since given that worthy sums of money for taking care of her. *Query*, What reason had the said Monk for exhibiting so much care for the child, unless he were a person of wonderfully benevolent disposition, which my hero was not at all inclined to believe?

(3) Said Monk and said Jones were on very familiar terms, which was curious, seeing the difference in their social positions. *Query* again, Was there any private reason, any mysterious knowledge, any secret shared in common, which bound their interests together?

(4) Last and most extraordinary of all, said Monk had now expressed his wish and intention of *marrying* the waif he had rescued from the sea, committed to the care of said Jones, and brought up in ragged ignorance, innocent of grace or grammar, on that lonely shore. *Query* again, and again, and yet again, What the deuce had put the idea into Monk's head; and was there at the bottom of it any deeper and more conceivable motive than the one of ordinary affection for a pretty, if uncultivated, child?

The more Charles Brinkley pondered all these questions, the more hopelessly puzzled he became. But his curiosity, once roused, could not rest. He determined, if possible, to get to the midriff of the mystery. So intent was he on this object, which fitted in beautifully with his natural indolence, that he at once knocked off painting for the day, and after breakfasting on the fare with which Tim had by this time appeared, he strolled away towards the sea shore.

He had not gone far when he saw approaching him a tall figure which he seemed to recognise. It came closer, and he saw that it was Mr. Monk of Monkshurst.

This time Monk was on foot. He wore a dark dress, with knickerbockers and heavy shooting boots, and carried a gun. A large dog, of the species lurcher, followed at his heels.

Brinkley was passing by without any salutation when, to his surprise, the other paused and lifted his hat.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "We have met once before; and I think I have to apologise to you for unintentional incivility. The fact is—hum—I mistook you for a—vagrant! I did not know you were a gentleman."

So staggered was the artist with this greeting, that he could only borrow the vocabulary of Mr. Toots:—

"O, it's of no consequence," he said, attempting to pass on.

But the other persevered.

"I assure you, Mr.—, Mr.— (I have not the pleasure of knowing your name), that I had no desire of offending you; and if I did so, I beg to apologise."

Brinkley looked keenly at the speaker. His words and manner were greatly at variance with his looks—even with the tone of his voice. Though he smiled and showed his teeth, a dark frown still disfigured his brow, and his mouth twitched nervously as if he were ill at ease.

Regarding him thus closely, Brinkley saw that he had been somewhat mistaken as to his age. He was considerably under forty years of age, but his hair was mixed with grey, and his features strongly marked as with the scars of old passions. A handsome man, certainly; an amiable one, certainly not! Yet he had a peculiar air of power and breeding, as of one accustomed to command.

Curiosity overcame dislike, and the young man determined to receive Mr. Monk's overture as amiably as possible.

"I daresay it was a mistake," he said. "Gentlemen don't usually travel about in caravans."

"You are an artist, I am informed," returned Monk.

"Something of that sort," was the reply. "I paint a little for pleasure."

"And do you find this neighbourhood suit your purpose?—It is somewhat flat and unpicturesque."

"I rather like it," answered Brinkley. "It is pretty in summer; it must be splendid in winter, when the storms begin, and the uneventful career of our friend William Jones is varied by the excitement of wrecks."

How Monk's forehead darkened! But his face smiled still as he said:—

"It is not often that shipwrecks occur now, I am glad to say."

"No?" said Brinkley drily. "They used to be common enough fifteen years ago?"

Their eyes met, and the eyes of Monk were full of fierce suspicion.

"Why fifteen years ago especially?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders.

"I was told only to-day of the loss of one great ship, at that time. Matt told me, the little foundling. You know Matt, of course?"

"I know whom you mean. Excuse me, but you seem to be very familiar with her name?"

"I suppose I am," replied the young man. "Matt and I are excellent friends."

Monk did not smile now; all his efforts to do so were ineffectual. With an expression of savage dislike, he looked in Brinkley's face, and his voice, though his words were still civil, trembled and grew harsh "as scrannel pipes of straw."

"May I ask if you purpose remaining long in the neighbourhood?"

"I don't know," answered the artist. "My time is my own, and I shall stay as long as the place amuses me."

"If I can assist in making it do so, I shall be happy, sir."

"Thank you."

"Do you care for rabbit-shooting? If so there is some sport to be had among the sandhills."

"I never shoot anything," was the reply, "except, I suppose, 'folly as it flies;' though with what species of firearm that interesting sport is pursued," he added, as if to himself, "I haven't the slightest idea!"

"Well, good day," said Monk, with an uneasy scowl. "If I can be of any service to you, command me!"

And, raising his hat again, he stalked away.

"Now, what in the name of all that is wonderful, does Mr. Monk of Monkshurst mean by becoming so civil?"

This was the question the young man asked himself, as he strolled away seaward. He could not persuade himself that he had wronged Monk, that that gentleman was in reality an amiable person, instead of a domineering bully; no, that suggestion was contradicted by every expression of the man's baleful and suspicious face. What, then, could be the explanation of his sudden access of courtesy?

An idea! an inspiration! As it flashed into his mind, the young man gave vent to a prolonged whistle. Possibly, Monk was—jealous!

The idea was a preposterous one, and almost amusing. It was not to be conceived, on the first blush of it, that jealousy would make a surly man civil, a savage man gentle; it would rather have the contrary effect, unless—here Brinkley grew thoughtful—unless his gloomy rival had some sinister design which he wished to cloak with politeness?

But jealous of little Matt! Brinkley laughed heartily, when he fully realised the absurdity of the notion.

He crossed the sandhills, and came again to the path which he and Matt had followed the previous day. A smart breeze was coming in from the south-west, and the air was fresh and cool though sunny; but clouds were gathering to windward, and the weather was evidently broken. Reaching the cliffs, he descended them, and came down on the rocks beneath. A long jagged point ran out from the spot where he stood, and the water to leeward of the same was quite calm, though rising and falling in strong troubled swells. So bright and tempting did it look in that sheltered place, that he determined to have a swim.

He stripped leisurely, and, placing his clothes in a safe place, took a header off the rocks. It was clear at once that he was a powerful swimmer. Breasting the smooth swell, he struck out from shore, and when he had gone about a hundred yards, floated lazily on his back and surveyed the shore.

The cliffs were not very high, but their forms were finely picturesque. Here and there were still green creeks, fringed with purple weed; and large shadowy caves, hewn roughly in the side of the crags; and rocky islets, covered with slimy weed and awash with the lapping water. A little to the right of the spot from which he had dived, the cliff seemed hollowed out, forming a wide passage which the sea entered with a tramp and a rush and a roar.

Towards this passage Brinkley swam. He knew the danger of such places, for he had often explored them both in Cornwall and the West of Ireland; but he had confidence in his own natatory skill. Approaching the shore leisurely with strong, slow strokes, he paused outside the passage, and observed that the sea swell, entering the opening, rushed and quickened itself like a rapid shooting to the fall, turning at the base of the cliff into a cloud of thin prismatic spray. Suddenly, through the top of the spray, a cloud of rock pigeons emerged, winging their flight rapidly along the crags.

Brinkley knew by this last phenomenon that the spray concealed the entrance of some large subterranean cavern. If any doubt had remained on his mind, it would have been dispelled by the appearance of a solitary pigeon, which, leaving its companions, wavered lightly back, flew back through the spray with a rapid downward flight, and disappeared.

He was floating a little nearer, with an enjoyment deepened by the sense of danger, when a figure suddenly appeared on the rocks close by him, wildly waving its hands.

"Keep back!—Keep back!" cried a voice.

He looked at the figure, and recognised William Jones. He answered him, but the sound of his voice was drowned by the roar from the rocks. Then William Jones shouted again more indistinctly, and repeated his excited gestures. It was clear that he was warning the swimmer against some hidden danger. Brinkley took the warning, and struck out from the shore, and then back to the place where he had left his clothes.

Watching his opportunity, he found a suitable spot and clambered in upon the rocks. He had just dried himself and thrown on some of his clothes, when he saw William Jones standing near and watching him.

"How are you?" asked the young man, with a nod. "Pray, what did you mean by going on in that absurd way just now?"

"What did I mean?" repeated William, with a little of his former excitement. "Look ye, now, I was waving you back from the Devil's Cauldron. There's many a man been drown'd there, and been wash'd away Lord knows where. I've heard tell," he added, solemnly, "they're carried right down into the Devil's own kitchen."

"I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Jones, but I'm used to such places, and I think I know how to take care of myself."

William Jones shook his head a little angrily.

"Don't you come here no more, that's all!" he said, and muttering ominously to himself, retired. But he only ascended the neighbouring crag, and squatting himself there like a bird of ill-omen, kept his eyes on the stranger.

Having dressed himself, Brinkley climbed in the same direction. He found William seated on the edge of the crag, looking the reverse of amiable, and amusing himself by throwing stones in the direction of the sea.

"You seem to know this place well?" said the young man, standing over him.

William Jones replied, without looking up, "I ought to; I was born here. Father were born here. Know it? I wish I know'd as well how to make my own fortune!" "And yet they tell me," observed the other, watching him slyly, "that William Jones of Abertaw has money in the bank, and is a rich man!"

He saw William's colour change at once, but recovering himself at once, the worthy gave a contemptuous grunt, and aimed a stone spitefully at a large gull which just then floated slowly by.

"Who told you that?" he asked, glancing quickly up, and then looking down again. "Some tomfool, wi' no more sense in 'un than that gull. Rich? I wish I was, I do!"

Brinkley was amused, and a little curious. Laughing gaily, he threw himself down by William's side. William shifted his seat uneasily, and threw another stone.

"My dear Mr. Jones," said the young man, assuming the flippant style which Matt found so irritating, "I have often wondered how you get your living."

William started nervously.

"You are, I believe, a fisherman by profession; yet you never go fishing. You possess a boat, but you are seldom seen to use it. You are not, I think, of a poetical disposition; yet you spend your days in watching the water, like a poet, or a person in love. I conclude, very reluctantly, that your old habits stick to you, and that you speculate on the disasters of your fellow creatures."

"What d'ye mean, master?" grunted William, puzzled and a little alarmed by this style of address.

"A nice wreck, now, would admirably suit your tastes? A well-laden Indianman, smashing up on the reef yonder, would lend sunshine to your existence, and deepen your faith in a paternal Providence? Eh, Mr. Jones?"

"I don't know nowt about no wrecks," was the reply. "They're no consarn o' mine."

"Ah, but I have heard you lament the good old times, when wrecking was a respectable occupation, and when there were no impertinent coastguards to interfere with respectable followers of the business. By the way, I have often wondered, Mr. Jones, if popular report is true, and if, among these cliffs or the surrounding sandhills, there is buried treasure, cast up from time to time by the sea, and concealed by energetic persons like yourself?"

William Jones could stand this no longer. Looking as pale as it was possible for so rubicund a person to become, and glancing round him suspiciously, he rose to his feet.

"I know nowt o' that," he said. "If there is summat, I wish I could find it; but sech things never come the way of honest chaps like me. Good mornin', master! Take a poor man's advice, and don't you go swimming no more near the Devil's Cauldron!"

So saying, he walked off in the direction of the deserted village. Presently Brinkley rose and followed him, keeping him steadily in view. From time to time William Jones looked round, as if to see whether the other was coming; lingering when Brinkley lingered, hastening his pace when Brinkley hastened his. As an experiment, Brinkley turned and began walking back towards the cliffs, glancing round over his shoulder, he saw that William Jones had also turned, and was walking back.

"Curious!" he reflected. "The innocent one is keeping me in view. I have a good mind to breathe him!"

He struck off from the path, and hastened, running rather than walking, towards the sandhills. So soon as he was certain that he was followed, he began to run in good earnest. To his delight, William began running too. He plunged among the sandhills, and was soon engaged busily running up and down them, hither and thither. From time to time he caught a glimpse of his pursuer. It was an exciting chase. When he had been engaged in it for half-an-hour, and was almost breathless himself, he suddenly paused in one of the deep hollows, threw himself down on his back, and lit a cigar. A few minutes afterwards, he heard a sound as of violent puffing and breathing, and the next instant William Jones, panting, gasping, perspiring at every pore, appeared above him.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Jones?" he cried gaily. "Come and have a cigar!"

Instead of replying, William Jones looked completely thunder-struck, and after glaring feebly down and muttering incoherently, disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

Brinkley finished his cigar leisurely, and then strolled back to the caravan.

(To be continued)



READERS who take a fashionable interest in the personality of their novelist may find some difficulty in deciding whether "Loyal, Brave, and True," by Alice O'Connell, is—despite the Christian name on the title page—from a masculine or from a feminine pen. The example of George Eliot is common among lady writers; so why should not some brother of the craft, struck by the success of its sisters, prefer to class himself among the sex who are novelists by nature? It is true that the author, when attempting to portray club life, displays exceedingly inexperienced views of such institutions. But what are we to think of an Alice O'Connell who expressly includes herself, or himself, among the "we" who are debased, by sex, from describing or giving an opinion on a woman's clothes? Another curiosity of the novel is its prodigious length in proportion to its materials—equal in quantity to fully four ordinary volumes, it could with the greatest possible ease, and to its considerable advantage, have been compressed into one. The interest turns upon unexpected transformations, after the manner of a pantomime, and upon sudden changes of partners, as in the last figure of a quadrille. It will have been assumed that so long a story could not have been achieved without full indulgence in the art of padding, and this is carried out, without the least self-restraint, by means of continual repetitions and by all the other methods known to makers of bricks without straw. Under such circumstances, stray merits are naturally apt to get lost; and the author will do well to make them more discoverable on a future occasion.

Mr. Frank Barrett's name is identified, happily, with infinitely better work than "John Ford" (2 vols.: Ward and Downey), which is therefore a very disappointing tale indeed. Mr. Blackmore is a novelist whom every younger writer does well to study; but Mr. Barrett, in "John Ford," is the student rather of the author of "Tommy Upmore," minus the wit whereby that piece of extravagance was redeemed, rather than of the author of "Lorna Doone." The latter novel is faintly suggested, however, by the autobiographical Hercules who is made to tell the story of John Ford. The idea is that of a drunken blacksmith's son, supposed by the reader to have been "changed" by his foster-mother, and supporting the supposition by the possession of brains and a soul far above his apparent station. However, he proves to be only the blacksmith's son after all: so the tale may be taken as meant to demonstrate that a man need not necessarily be a gentleman in the arbitrary sense because he happens to be a gentleman in the natural one. It was scarcely worth while to write a novel to prove this much: yet no other motive for having written it is discoverable. There is really nothing in it, beyond what we have suggested: but it has two great merits—it is fairly well written, and is told in commendably few pages.

"Mr. Montenello, A Romance of the Civil Service," by W. A. Baillie Hamilton (2 vols.: Blackwood and Sons), is written in a remarkably clear and pleasant style, and contains all the materials for a good novel. But it cannot be said that Mr. Hamilton has made satisfactory use of them. His characters are essentially shadows—those of them at least who play the leading parts, for the subordinate rôles are often well filled. No doubt the romance of the peerage contains cases of noblemen who have taken it into their heads to efface themselves and disappear. But when such an incident is dealt with in fiction, the entire interest becomes psychological, and depends upon the motives for such apparent eccentricity, and upon the study of the character capable of it. Failing everything of the kind, there is no sort of interest in the mere information that an Earl of Northborough pretended to be dead, and turned cattle-farmer in Venezuela under an assumed name. Moreover, no attempt is made to excite interest in the family affected by the caprice, and nothing comes of it in any way. Another sure method of destroying interest has been adopted by Mr. Hamilton. He has, with much air of mystery, introduced one George Morton, who divides his time between the two lives of a man about town and an engine driver, and whose story, having not even a shadow of connection with the main plot, serves only to interrupt the latter and to distract attention. It is impossible to read two separate novels at once with any sort of pleasure. So far, however, as "Mr. Montenello" deals with the Civil Service, it is admirable. The account of the General Inquiry Office and its officials is capital. The hunting and shooting scenes are also lively and realistic, and altogether the author is at his best in his descriptions of everyday life and at his worst when he departs the farthest from them.

In "Puppets," by Percy Fitzgerald (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall), the mistake of calling upon the readers follow two entirely separate novels at the same time is exaggerated. Both plots are strikingly original and dramatic in themselves, but they are deplorably ruined, not only by the feature in question, but by an excessive slovenliness of execution—in construction, in style, and even in grammar. Mr. Fitzgerald forgets his own incidents, as when, after a certain Duke's second marriage, he continues to regard him as a widower. Altogether, we have never come across a more signal example of how the best materials may be ruined by dint of taking no pains: and in the present case this result is a real misfortune, seeing how exceptionally good the materials are. Mr. Fitzgerald could easily have developed them into two good novels, instead of slurring them into one bad one—for bad it must be called. And it is painful, in days when the discovery of new ideas for fiction seems growing harder and harder, to see good ones simply thrown away. If some future novelist, with more industry than invention, but with adequate constructive skill, should some day take the plots of "Puppets" and make the best instead of the worst of them, the plagiarism will be so much to the public advantage that not even Mr. Fitzgerald, having thrown away his own chances, will have any moral right to complain.

All things are possible: and therefore there may be a reflection of fact in making a lady a chief whipper-in and afterwards an acting M.F.H., like the heroine, "On the Spur of the Moment," by John Mills (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett). But not even the authority of fiction makes it probable that a London landlady should sell out her investments in Consols for the benefit of a chance married couple who came to lodge with her. However as the brain of the heroine was always being "scorched," her experiences may have been in other respects exceptional—especially in the matter of hearing and speaking, in what is meant to represent real life, the conventional language of the stage. Some of the fine speeches would well bear quotation, especially as the reader can scarcely be recommended to read through the rest of the novel for their sake. The claims of tragedy are met by processes similar to brain-scorching, and those of comedy by giving the characters would-be-funny names.

THE VINE IN INDIA

IT is a singular fact that in an Empire once famous for its wine there is not a drop to be had to-day for love or money. The grape, although it grows luxuriantly in various parts of Hindostan, has no association whatever with the bottle; for one reason, perhaps, because wine from the palm, *Indich*, "toddy," is so much the more easily made of the two. But it was not always so. Tavernier, Captain Hamilton, and other early travellers in India speak of native wines, and of one especially of such potency that it floored the Great Mogul himself. And another emperor—Baber—tells us in his memoirs how he used to drink freely in his younger days of the wine of Ind, and commit mad pranks thereafter, such as practical jokes—on horseback—with his boon companions. These monarchs doubtless were of the Chinaman's taste, who made "drinkee for drunkee, not for dry," but at all events the generous juice of the grape was there, however much the potentates in question thought fit to abuse it. Where the wine was made it is difficult to say now. Baber's wine perhaps came from Cabul, where wine is still found, but where did Aurangzebe get his? Possibly in the Deccan, where grapes grow magnificently; one town—Aurangabad—being famous for its eating grapes to this day. Later still we find the early English merchants of Calcutta drinking Shiraz wine, but this must have been an importation from Persia. The wine of Shiraz is also praised by Hafiz the poet, and it must have been fairly good tippie, to judge from the post-prandial gambols of old Job Charnock and the men with the pigtailed and nankeen small clothes. In *Hickey's Gazette* we read how these old Anglo-Indian worthies drank the toast of the day—probably some native belle—in bumpers filled with the wine of the country, and how later on they thrust at each other with their swords over the prostrate palanquin of the dusky one. The fumes of Shiraz were evidently provocative of midnight brawls and street rows, and perhaps it was this heady Persian liquor which caused Sir Philip Francis and Warren Hastings to have their memorable meeting on the *Maidan* of Calcutta. But by and by, when easier communication with Europe brought European wines into the Indian markets, the Nabobs took to Sneyd's claret in preference to Shiraz, and very much, it would appear, to the improvement of their morals and their tempers. What has become of the wine of Shiraz now, it would be hard to say. Perhaps it goes, with wines from all countries, to Cette, there to be manufactured into something that is the fashionable drink of the moment.

In India they grow the vine chiefly on trellises. I have seen a charming effect produced by trellised vines extending over an alley of a hundred yards or so. Underneath the canopy of vine leaves and of purple, red, and white clusters of grapes, were ferns, tastefully arranged in ornamental pots and baskets. Every fern, from the tree fern to the maiden's hair, was there in profusion, and the happy combination of shade and chequered light from above was enchanting. But although wine is made from trellised vines in Italy, it is not the proper way of growing the vine for wine. However, the little stunted bushes with which Continental travel has made every one familiar are absent in India, though one need not know as much about wine as Cyrus Redding or Vizetelly to see that certain soils in India must be admirably adapted for the vine, and perhaps for wine. The Maharajah of Cashmere has thought so well of the capacities of his dominions in this direction that he has imported vines and vine-dressers from France, and proposes entering the market as a rival of Veuve Clicquot and Pol Roger; but the Maharajah's experiments are being conducted out of British territory, so have not the same interest as if conducted in our

own. There is plenty of soil (and proper climate) however in Northern India that could grow the grape just as well as Cashmere, and it seems a pity that British India, which now produces corn and oil in the greatest abundance, should not have the conventional third type of a land's fertility added to the other two. There is a diamondiferous district in Southern India, bordering the Kistna and Toonga Woondra Districts, that might perhaps produce a good wine. There are diamond fields there which were once very productive, and they are now being reopened. But the grapes of Cuddapah, and those parts, are better than the diamonds—at least than any I have seen. And if there were no difficulty about irrigation—for Cuddapah is a frightfully hot place—vines—and wine—should succeed there with care. But it is easy, of course, to get any climate almost one pleases in India by simply ascending the plateaus and mountains that are to be found everywhere; thus the Mysore plateau, 3,000 feet high, would seem in parts to be favourable to the cultivation of the vine. The natives of the present day, however, seem to have lost all knowledge of the vine. They scarcely know what the plant is, they see it so seldom. And yet there was a time when wine was sold in the bazaars, and when, no doubt, large tracts of country were planted thickly with the vine. The value and importance of a local wine, whether it was made in the North, the South, the East, or West of the Peninsula of India, may be guessed by the enormous figures which represent the importation of wines and spirits to India. It is a curious fact, borne out by those figures, that while Europeans in India are becoming more temperate, natives of India are growing more and more bibulous. Europeans now mostly content themselves with a little whisky—adulterated wines being more poisonous in India than elsewhere; but to the native tippler all is good liquor that is bottled, so much so that kerosene oil has been quaffed under that delusion. And the imports through the Bombay Custom House represent a total of gin, and of other cheap spirit, that is awful enough to make Sir W. Lawson's hair stand on end. Gin seems the peculiar vanity of the lower class of Hindu; his superiors get drunk on cherry brandy, port wine, and champagne—perhaps all mixed together. But it is a noteworthy circumstance that while this import of foreign spirit is steadily flowing into Hindostan, there is another alcoholic current flowing out of it. Of late years the exportation of arrack has been very considerable, though what becomes of this rice spirit after it leaves India no one knows. There is no Vauxhall now, where rack-punch would be in demand, and if there was, sensible people would take Joe Sedley's example as a warning, and avoid the "hot coppers" produced by it. But toddy, or the juice of the palmyra, or the date palm, is unquestionably the national drink, the wine of India at the present day. And in taste it somewhat resembles ball-room gooseberry, miscalled champagne. Toddy, nevertheless, is a poisonous drink, and it is an argument in favour of the restoration of the vine that a liquor so demoralising should be the wine, so to speak, of an enormous part of the population of India. Toddy has the curious property of being non-intoxicating, and therefore harmless, before the sun is risen, and it has had time to ferment, but toddy in the day time is to be avoided, of which an instance in point. In my griffinish, or salad days, I used to drink a tumbler of palm juice in the early morning before it had fermented, and found it acid and refreshing. But one day, about 11 A.M., being fagged and heated in pursuit of antelope, I had a hearty pull at a toddy-pot in a village I passed through, and the result is never to be forgotten. My horse went home by himself, and I awoke, at three o'clock, from a sound sleep in the middle of the public road. The stuff is as quick in intoxicating as good champagne, and exposure to the sun intensifies and quickens its effects. The confirmed toddy drinker's appearance is a caution. His eyes are the colour of rubies, or of coals of fire, in his head, reminding one of those lines in Bon Gaultier, slightly transposed:—

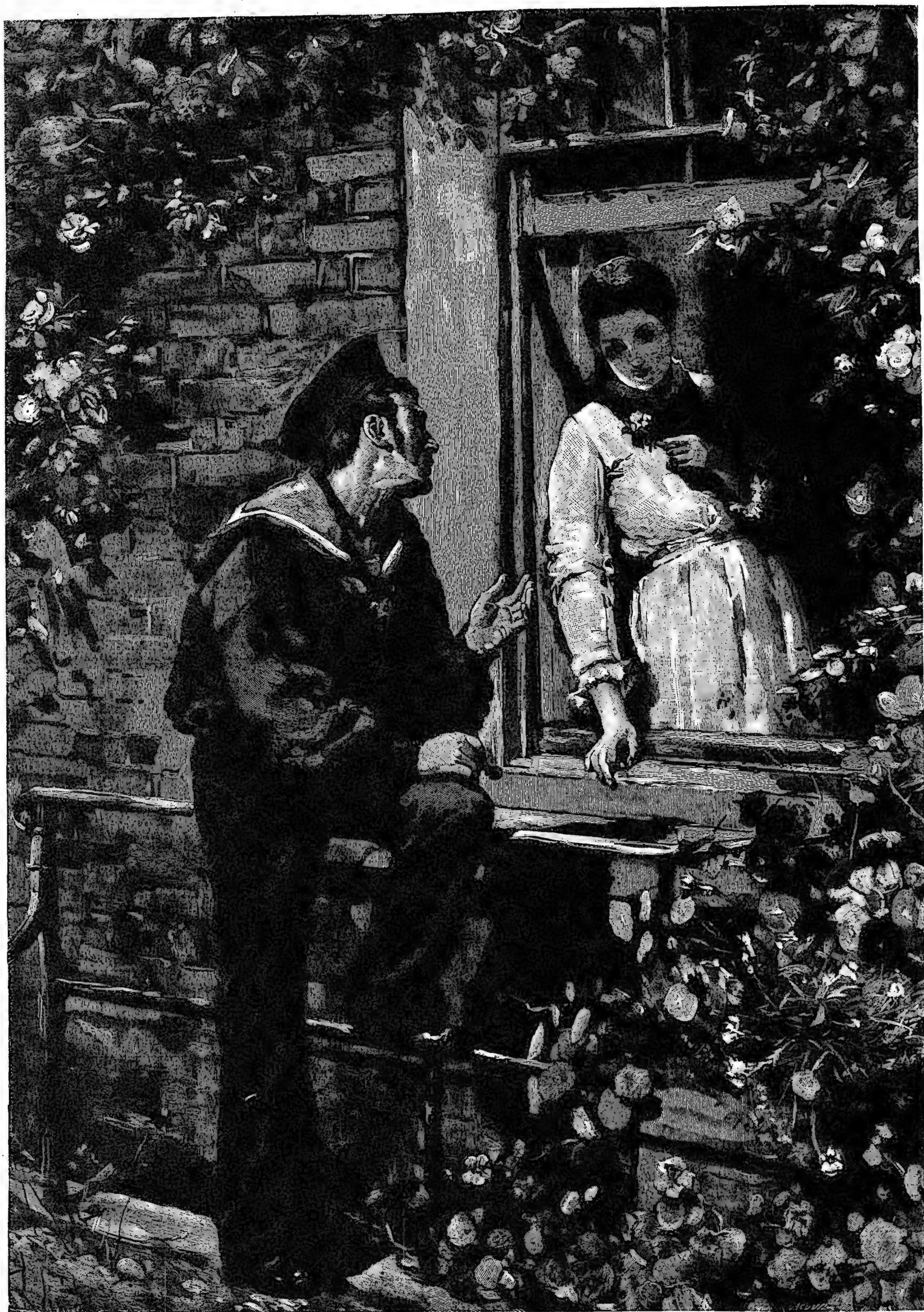
What is this, his eyes are pinky,
Was it his toddy? oh, no, no,
Bless your heart, it was his curry,
Curry always makes them so.

And I have heard that excessive indulgence in toddy produces a number of bodily ailments besides those common to the abuse of any intoxicating liquor.

Unquestionably the vine is the least hurtful of all the plants that give an intoxicant to the human race, and I am sanguine enough to think that if the vine and vineyards were revived in India we should have a remedy for the drunkenness that threatens the Indian population of the future. The destruction of the vineyards of India I attribute to the Mahomedan conquerors of the country; men who would have rooted up the vine wherever found as an unmitigated evil. But even the Mahomedans with civilisation and unbelief are becoming free livers, while the educated Hindus notoriously drink like fishes. There is no hope for such a people if they once take to drink, and what?—the cheap spirits imported from abroad! But if India grew—as I make no doubt she could grow—a cheap and pure *vin de pays*, such as the temperate peoples of wine countries use, the 250 millions might drink as they pleased, their drinking could do them little harm.

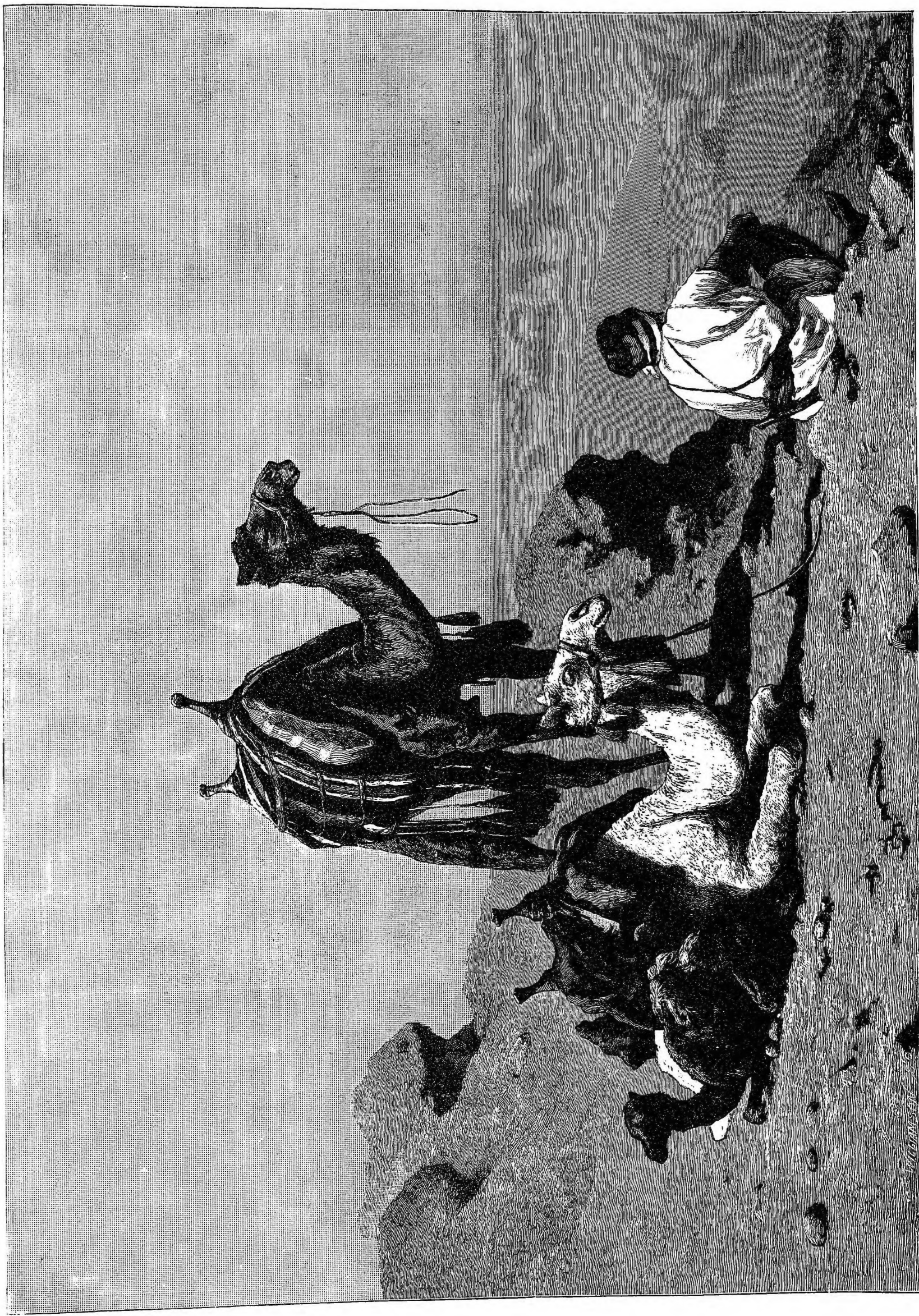
F. E. W.

CETEWAYO'S GRAVE is thus described in the *Regimental News* of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, a capital little sheet, ably and amusingly edited by Lieutenant-Colonel Robley, and published at Pietermaritzburg:—"A kraal in the midst of a wide valley called Esigilweni was the place chosen for the burial of Cetewayo. The kraal is on a low neck between two moderate hills of the tumbled country which rises ridge upon ridge towards the far-off Quideni Mountains, while on the other side part of the dense sloping forest of the Inkandhla frowns down on it. The selected spot was not the site of an existing kraal, though there are now a number of bee-hive-looking huts surrounding the sacred precinct. The grave, which is in the middle of the kraal, appears to be fenced round with brushwood, and there it will be left untouched for ever. Henceforth it is never to be tampered with. Grass fires must be carefully warded off, and if by mischance the flames destroy the weedy growth, each neighbour must bring a beast and do sacrifice for the indignity committed against the regal ghost. The spot, it is believed, was selected for political reasons. The body could not be taken in safety to the burial place of Dingaan and Panda, so a site was chosen that seemed safe from desecration, owing to the supposed impregnable nature of the Inkandhla. The actual proceedings at the burial can only be conjectured. As is well known, when Cetewayo died at Etshowe the body was placed in a sitting position in a box covered with black cloth, and this box was left in the hut where the king died for months. Raw flesh was kept burning round the place, so that no one should dare to accuse the royal body of an ill flavour. There was some lamentation, but this was suppressed. When the body was removed, a waggon was hired to convey the box, and it was accompanied by about 100 people. It travelled by the road to Entumeni (now Fort Chater), thence to Esunglweni (Fort Volland) to the 'Mkondo Knoll,' and thence, after descending from the saddle where the Highlanders' camp was at the latter place, the waggon must have been taken round the spurs of the hills stretching downward from Isibuda towards Esigilweni, but the body, it was supposed, was carried the last part of the way. The waggon was broken up, and the fragments thrown over the grave, so that it should not be profaned by ever being used again for ordinary purposes. The owner of the waggon, it appears, considered himself well paid by being allowed to escape with his life and team of oxen!"



"SPINNING THE SAME OLD YARN"

DRAWN BY W. CHRISTIAN SYMONS



"A REST IN THE DESERT"
FROM THE PICTURE BY C. RUD. HÜBER, EXHIBITED IN THE GRAPHIC GALLERY OF ANIMAL PAINTINGS



THROUGH the columns of the *Athenæum* we have from time to time been able to catch glimpses of the plan on which Mr. Leslie Stephen is compiling his great "Dictionary of National Biography" (Smith, Elder, and Co.), and from the lists of names published in our contemporary it was evident that the editor was preparing for himself a gigantic task. The first volume of the great work is now published, and it entirely fulfils all expectations. So important a work as this is usually undertaken abroad at the instance of Governments, or under the control of Academies; and great honour is due to the publishers for their enterprise in planning and carrying out such an expensive book. Nothing so elaborate has been attempted in England since the days of the old "Biographia Britannica." The task of arranging the Dictionary with due regard at once to proportion and completeness is one which demanded great judgment, and Mr. Leslie Stephen has overcome his difficulties with marked success. His own essay on Joseph Addison, extending to nine pages, may well be adopted as a model by the other contributors. Professor A. W. Ward's biography of Queen Anne (thirty-two pages) is also one of the most important in the present volume. Scarcely so satisfactory is Sir Theodore Martin's paper of fourteen pages on Prince Albert; a paper in which the deference of the courtier is more obvious than the disinterestedness of the historian. No living persons are admitted into the new Dictionary; but the work is carried up to a recent date, including, for example, Harrison Ainsworth, the Princess Alice, and the Duke of Albany. Notorious as well as famous persons have their chroniclers; and among other minor celebrities we notice William Almack, founder of the celebrated rooms (now Willis's), Jerry Abershaw, and J. H. Anderson, "The Wizard of the North." Dr. Freeman's article of eight pages on Ælfred is, of course, admirably clear and complete. The only striking error against proportion seems to be that which grants fourteen pages to a life of George Abbot, an Archbishop of Canterbury whose character and work do not entitle him to so large a space. Appended to each biography is a short list of authorities to which the student can refer for ampler knowledge. The type (in double columns) is clear and the paper good. The volume, too, is of a convenient size for use on the desk.

"The Hundred Greatest Men" (Sampson Low and Co.) is an attempt to view history in the way Carlyle would have us view it—through the lives of its heroes. The facts of civilisation have been divided by the anonymous editor into eight classes—Poetry, Art, Religion, Philosophy, History, Science, Politics, Industry—and a group of leaders has been selected as the representatives of each class. Every one has his own ideas as to who are the world's greatest men, and from some points of view fault could be found with the editor's selection. But if any twenty well-informed persons were to draw up lists of the hundred greatest men of history, we believe the average of names would result in a list closely resembling those selected in this book. The industrial section is that with which we find greatest fault. We cannot accept Palissy, Montgolfier, or Howard as amongst the greatest men; and we have serious doubts about Franklin and Arkwright. And if Scott has a place why is Horace excluded? If Diderot is admitted why not Burke? If Wellington is among the warriors and statesmen, why not Gustavus Adolphus? The biographies of the heroes are brief but accurate; and to our mind the most interesting parts of the volume are the introductions to each section. That on poetry is by Mr. Matthew Arnold; Mr. H. Taine writes on art; Professor Max Müller on religion; M. Rénan on Christianity (a bold choice, surely); Mr. Froude on politics. Emerson contributes a general introduction, and each biography is headed by a portrait.

"The Dictionary of English History," edited by Sidney J. Low and F. S. Pulling (Cassell and Co.), is a substantial and worthy work, for which students who have not large reference libraries should be duly thankful. The aim of the editors has been to skim the cream of many standard works dealing with different aspects of English history, and arrange the matter conveniently in alphabetical order. Should there be any difficulty in finding a subject in its proper alphabetical place, a glance at the ample index at the end will always show under what heading the required information may be found. So far as our examination has gone—and we have carefully read many of the articles—the work appears to be executed with accuracy and judgment. Due proportion has been observed, the matter is tersely put, and the original articles by such authorities as the Rev. Mandell Creighton, Mr. J. Bass Mullinger, Professor Thorold Rogers, and others, give a value of its own to the book, and raise it beyond the level of mere compilations. It is, in fact, a convenient handbook to the whole of English history, condensed within the limits of eleven hundred moderate pages. The volume will doubtless find its way into all decent reference libraries; and it will prove of striking utility to students of the history of our land and Empire.

The history of the Press in England has still to be written. Fragments of it are to be found in all sorts of places, from Sir Thomas Erskine May's "Constitutional History" to Mr. Pebody's useful and bright little volume. But the historian taking up this great work in the future will find one branch of the subject, at any rate, very fully dealt with by Mr. Mason Jackson in his excellent book, "The Pictorial Press: Its Origin and Progress" (Hurst and Blackett). Mr. Jackson detects the origin of illustrated journals in the old ballads, with rough wood-engravings, once hawked about the country. He then discusses the illustrated broadsides and the illustrated tracts, depicting the storms, floods, and murders, of the sixteenth century. Then came the *Weekly News*, which in one of its numbers in 1638 published an engraving of a great volcanic eruption. From that time till the early part of the eighteenth century little was done to introduce illustrated journalism; but with the revival of wood-engraving under Bewick, illustrations in the ordinary newspapers became not unusual. The *Observer* published very complete illustrations of the scene of the murder of Mr. Weare; and pictures of Greenacre, Mr. Cocking and his parachute, the burning of the Houses of Parliament, and other events appeared in different journals. Mr. Jackson, however, dates the true beginning of illustrated journalism from the foundation, in 1842, of the *Illustrated London News* by the late Mr. Herbert Ingram. The later chapters of the book deal with illustrated journalism of to-day; and there are many entertaining stories of the difficulties under which special artists are often called upon to do their work. Numerous reproductions of old blocks add to the interest of the book.

One of the latest results of the Health Exhibition is the interesting volume of "Notes on Civil Costume in England" (W. Clowes and Sons), by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. The cases containing figures in the costumes of every period of our history formed so popular a part of last year's show at South Kensington that many will be glad to have this permanent memorial of an interesting exhibition. The book contains twenty-four chromolithographs (executed by ladies of the Female School of Chromolithography), with elucidatory letterpress by Mr. Wingfield. The pictures give a tolerably complete view of the progress of costume in England; and if one does not care to take them seriously, they form, at lowest, excellent models for dresses for fancy costume balls.

The *Magazine of Art* (Cassell and Co.), of which the seventh annual volume is now issued, is, considering its price, the best written and best illustrated of the art-periodicals. It is more than a picture-book to be placed where tasteless persons place books to be looked at and not read—on their drawing-room tables; it is of serious value as current literature. Mr. R. L. Stevenson's verses and papers; the Editor's brilliant pieces; Miss Mary Robinson's eloquent criticisms; and the contributions of Professor Sidney Colvin and Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse—all these, to mention no others, make the magazine of the first importance in its particular domain. If the engravings are, speaking generally, inferior to the letterpress, perhaps that is because the letterpress is so good.

Among the good series of Diocesan Histories now being issued by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, that of "Lichfield," by the Reverend William Beresford, is one of the most valuable, because it contains the results of researches never before put in popular form. Mr. Beresford has had a wide field to cover; for the Diocese of Lichfield once included no less than eleven modern Dioceses; those namely of Hereford, Worcester, Lincoln, Ely, Peterborough, Chester, Manchester, Liverpool, Gloucester, and parts of Oxford and St. Albans.

From Mr. Elliot Stock we have received a facsimile reproduction of the first edition, published in 1759, of Johnson's "Rasselas." Dr. James Macaulay writes an introduction, and contributes an interesting bibliography of "Rasselas," from which we learn that there have been forty-five separate English editions of the work.

"With a Show through Southern Africa"—Mr. Charles Du Val's clever and entertaining book—is now published in a cheap edition by Messrs. Dean and Son.—Messrs. J. and R. Maxwell have reprinted in two volumes some of the collected works of Mr. Edmund Yates. They include "After Office Hours," and "Pages in Waiting." Many readers of light literature will be glad to have these brilliant essays and tales in a cheap form.

There are eleven principal systems of shorthand in use in England, but of these Gurney's, Taylor's, and Pitman's are the best known. Gurney's is the oldest, but in its modern improved form it is the most popular among reporters, and it is that officially used in the Houses of Parliament. Pitman's is, perhaps, best known to the public at large. The inventor of it has made great, indeed extravagant, claims for his system. Those interested in the battle of the styles between stenographers may read with interest Mr. Thomas Anderson's "History of Shorthand," but a concise view of the advantages of the different styles may be gained from two smaller works by the same author: "Shorthand Systems" (L. Upcott Gill), and the "Catechism of Shorthand" (W. H. Allen and Co.). In these works the subject is treated from different points of view. In "Shorthand Systems" each inventor explains his own system, and specimens are given of the styles. In the "Catechism of Shorthand" Mr. Anderson gives his own views on the systems; and maintains there, as he does in the summing up to "Shorthand Systems" (which is practically a summary of a long correspondence in the *Bazaar*), the superiority of Gurney's system (modernised) to all others. "To make shorthand what it ought to be," says Mr. Anderson, "it must follow the track of longhand writing, be all written on the one slope, and make no difference between thin and thick strokes while describing accurately all the vowels." And he hints that some new system may be published before long which will combine these requisites in a higher degree than any yet known.—Those who want to learn Gurney's system will find "Lessons in Shorthand on Gurney's System," by R. E. Miller (L. Upcott Gill), a cheap and clear text-book.—Mr. Edwin Guest explains his system in "The Manual of Compendious Shorthand" (Wyman and Sons). It is, perhaps, the briefest of all; but its simplicity and legibility are by no means so obvious.—In "Stenography, or Shorthand Writing Without a Master" (Walter Scott, 14, Paternoster Square), Mr. John D. Lowes, the *doyen* of North Country reporters, explains his plan, which is open, in its main principles, to the same criticism as the older method by Taylor.—Finally, we have four books published by Mr. F. Pitman. Of these "The Reporter's Assistant," by Isaac Pitman, is now in its second edition; and it has long been a help to the puzzled reporter who finds illegible words in his notes. "Learning to Report," by F. Pitman, is full of all sorts of excellent hints, founded on a life of practice of the art.—"How to Get Speed in Shorthand," also by Mr. F. Pitman, contains hints, with examples, of the abbreviation of words and phrases. "The Reporter's Handbook," by "A Reporter," is not an exposition of the art of shorthand writing, but is a guide to young reporters in the practice of their profession. Drawing on a large experience, the author gives all the questions which the reporter should ask in every possible situation—at fires, funerals, cricket-matches, camps, weddings, poultry-shows, &c.; and when all the questions here printed are answered, the young reporter may make sure that he has all the necessary material for his report.

The first annual volume of *Home Chimes* makes a handsome book full of stories, articles, and poems. The list of contributors is an exceptionally brilliant one, including the names of Messrs. Swinburne, Phil Robinson, Moy Thomas, F. W. Robinson, Theodore Watts, Philip Marston, and many more.

THE OUTPUT OF POETRY

THE simultaneous appearance of volumes of verse by Mr. Browning and Mr. Swinburne means the sudden enrichment of English literature by several thousand lines of what in the language of commerce would be called "superior" poetry; and such additions to the store of English song are now of daily, or at least monthly, occurrence. If poetry were still a "joyous science," we Britons should be as blithe as the blameless Ethiopians. Our poets, apart from mere amateur versifiers, are numerous and industrious enough to sing us (on an average) a new song for every day in the year, and the amateur versifiers, as a glance at publishers' lists will show, give us something like a whole volume a day. The art of metrical expression, no mere album-rhyming, but word-stringing of a certain subtlety and sonority, has become about as common as the ability to read French. We learn that in the days of Cædmon, when the harp passed round the feast-hall, every one in turn was expected to sing his stave, so that when the herdsman, as yet unconscious of his powers, had to sit silent among the singers, his muteness was so exceptional as to cover him with shame and mortification. Minus the harp, a similar scene might occur to-day at any æsthetic tea-party, only that the man who had never lapsed into verse would feel his exceptional position a distinction rather than a disgrace. In the matter of imitators, if Byron slew his thousands, Tennyson has slain his tens of thousands. From the former nothing was to be learnt save a particular mental pose; the latter has taught the secret of a peculiar finesse of diction, capable of many developments, and applicable to all possible themes.

But it is not the poetasters who need trouble us. A nineteenth-century "Dunciad" would be a terrible waste of emotion, for the bardings so swarm that they crush each other to death in the very struggle for existence, and only a few presentation copies remain to tell that they have been. The output of amateur verse is a phenomenon which can interest none but students of morbid psychology, commission-publishers, and trunk-makers. It is the output of poetry properly so called, or at least of verses by men who have written and can write poetry, which is discouraging to lovers of literature. Our poets, there is no shirking the fact, have lost the gift of reticence. They have forgotten that life is short,

and that it is their privilege to assuage, not to intensify, its pains. Each sings as industriously as though he alone possessed the vision and the faculty divine, and all the world were clamouring for his melodies. This is not so. Not even the Browning Society clamours for volume after volume from its idol. It has its work cut out for the next century or so in the elucidation, interpretation, and the next century or so in the scriptures already extant. As for Mr. Swinburne, there is probably a small clique, a very small clique indeed, with an insatiable appetite for his interminable melody (to use a happy phrase of Wagner's); but in responding so freely to their demands he certainly injures his chance of immortality and "to his party gives up what was meant for mankind." It is curious and almost pathetic to note how, instinctively or consciously recognising the dangers of his too great fecundity, he has striven to confine himself not only within "the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground," but within the strictest of French formulas. In vain! As Johnson made the little fishes talk like whales, Mr. Swinburne makes the sober ballade dash off into reeling dithyrambs, and changes the still small voice of the roundel into a reverberating organ-tone. The chance which has converted "the idle singer of an empty day" into the busy apostle of a militant idealism is perhaps more fortunate for poetry than for Socialism; though it must be remembered, in excuse for Mr. Morris's garrulosity, that a prolix narrative is much more defensible than a prolix lyric. All these poets have written much that deserves to live if they would only give it the chance; as it is, it seems sadly probable that the whole *corpus* of their work may die of plethora. Even Homer, as we know, sometimes nodded. Our poets are a sleepless race, or, if they ever doze, they go on, like Coleridge, composing verses in their sleep. The whole extant body of Roman poetry (and few works of great importance have been lost to us) can be collected into one stout volume. The volume which should contain the whole works of the distinguished English poets of this generation alone would be of an obesity awful to contemplate.

Where lies the remedy? If anywhere, clearly in the hands of Time, whose winnowing-machine may, on the whole, be trusted to separate the wheat from the chaff. But meanwhile we, the contemporaries of the too copious songsters, suffer from their redundancy. We have to perform the winnowing process for ourselves, and a very laborious affair it is. Luther classed together "Wein, Weib, und Gesang" as the salt, so to speak, which gives life its savour; but if we answered to the claims made upon us by modern poetry, we should allow the whole feast of life to consist of what is, or should be, only one element in its seasoning. Or, if we take Mr. Matthew Arnold's view of the matter, and regard poetry as a criticism of life, we must still conclude that there is something radically wrong about a criticism which is longer than the thing criticised. It would almost reconcile one to the idea of an English Academy, if that body could be empowered to impose a fine of so much per foot upon the work of every poet who should publish more than a fixed yearly average of verses. Such a law could not but have the happiest effect either upon literature or upon the national revenue. It is certain that he would deserve well of the Republic of Letters who should persuade our poets to do their own winnowing, or, in other words, to consume their own smoke—to sing only when they feel themselves irresistibly inspired, and not to "whistle as they go for want of thought." There is scarcely a modern singer of whom one may not say with more justice what Ben Jonson said of Shakespeare: *stiffaminandus erat*. W. A.



F. PITMAN.—Two pleasing songs, written and composed by Edward Oxenford and Franz Abt, are respectively "Meeting" and "Wait;" both are of medium compass, and published each in one key.—"Love and the Locksmith" is a merry little ditty, words by C. Bellamy, music by G. Asch.—A nautical song of a familiar type is "Tween Decks," written and composed by G. Webber.—"The Best of Friends Must Part Sometime," and "My Love has Set Sail," written and composed by Oliver Brand and Placida Malva, are of average merit, although lacking in originality.—"Six New Duets for Violin and Piano," composed specially for amateurs, by Angelo Costa, will find a ready welcome from that numerous class who prefer tuneful to scientific music. They are styled:—I. "Album Blatt," II. "Polka," III. "Abend-Lied," IV. "Quick Step," V. "Barcarolle," VI. "Fantasia for Violin and Piano" on airs from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, arranged by A. P. Voitus van Hamme, is very showy, and not overlaid with difficulties.—The same cannot be said of "O Dear! What Can the Matter Be!" a most elaborate fantasia for the pianoforte composed (?) by Arthur H. Brown, in which the simple air is overwhelmed with variations after the antique, in a bewildering manner alike for executant and audience.—"Ulrica," by George Asch, and "Marche Sacree," by Gilbert Byass, are two very useful and playable after-dinner pieces for the pianoforte.—Of dance music we have five very good examples, "Round the World Lancers," on "Melodies of all Nations," and "The Highland Fling Quadrilles," both by Ruben Rogier; these deserve the highest marks of our group.—"Hypatia Waltz," by May Ostlere, is pretty, but owes its charm in a great measure to the admirable portrait of Miss Mary Anderson which adorns its frontispiece.—"On the Thames Polka," by Leonard Gautier, and "Snow Storm Galop," by Placida Malva, will be found a useful addition to the amateur as well as the professional player.

MESSRS. J. CURWEN AND SONS.—One of the cheapest, and at the same time most useful, publications for the home circle, is the series, entitled "Apollo Leaflets," which, on one penny page only, contains a quartet for S. A. T. B. of concerted music, by talented authors and composers. These leaflets have arrived at No. 10. "The Apollo Club" has a pianoforte accompaniment, and is for the most part arranged for male voices only; No. 27, "I Heard the Bells in Distant Greeting," by A. J. Foxwell and C. Isenmann, is a very charming composition for two tenors and two basses.—Very graceful is "O, Could I Soar Aloft with Thee," a tenor solo and chorus, written and composed by A. J. Foxwell and E. G. Engelsberg.—Of three quartets for male voices, words by John Guard, music by Laurent de Rille, "All Together Rise and Sing," is the most attractive. These two series are well worthy the attention of amateur chorals in the home circle.

MESSRS. PATERSON AND SONS.—Both words and music of "Good Night," a ballad, are very charming; the former are from "Mistura Curiosa," the latter is by Fra Stella.—Three graceful pieces for the pianoforte, by A. Cunio, are respectively "Mary," transcribed from the favourite ballad which bears that name; "Dors, Mon Enfant," and "Flodden," on two popular Scotch airs.—As light and airy as its title would imply is "On Gossamer Wing," a brilliant *morceau* for the pianoforte, by E. L. Shine.—Of the same type, and equally pretty, are "Primrose," a minuet for the pianoforte, by Walter Mitchell, and "Nell Gwynne," a gavotte in G, by E. Boggetti. There is quite a fashion for Scotch music just now. "Argyll" is a very effective arrangement for the pianoforte of "The Chieftain's Lullaby" and "Argyll is his Name," by Mr. W. S. Everard; "The Old Times Mazurka," by A. Stella; "The Midlothian Quadrilles," by Otto Steinbach; and "The Nigel Waltz," by Theo. B. Hyslop, are very good examples of their kind.

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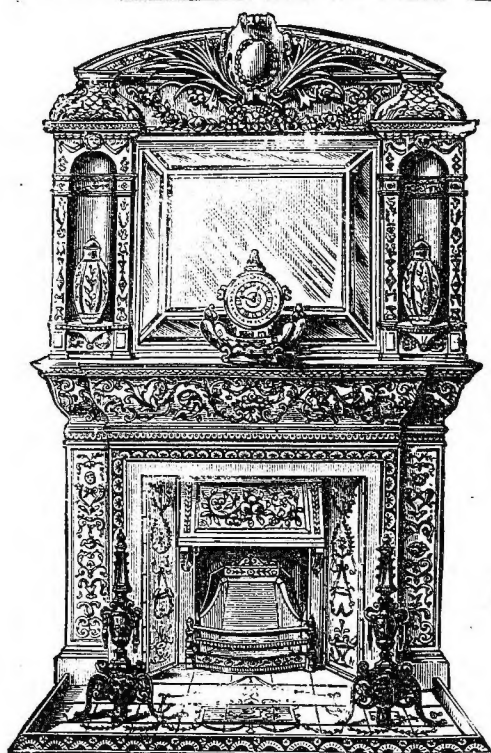
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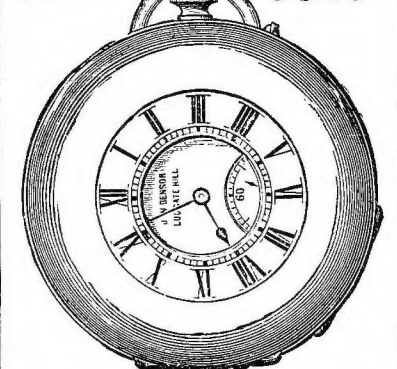
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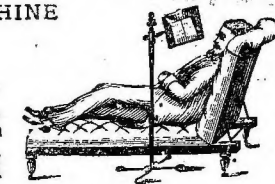
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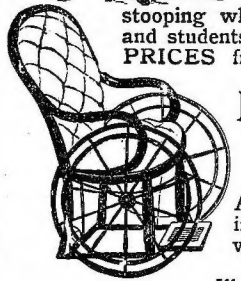
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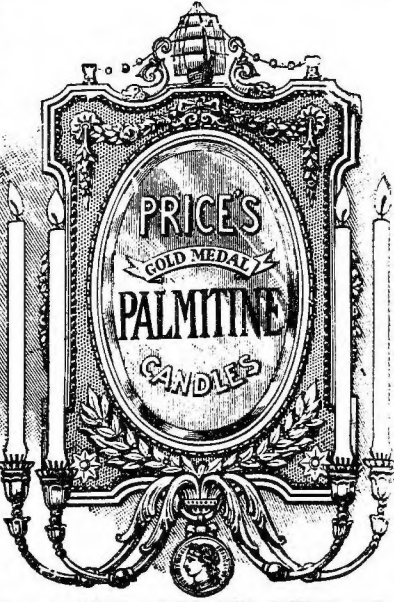
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